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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

AUGUST, 1914

Chants Before Battle

By Aleister Crowley

(*Variæ lectiones*)

(Only one poet has struck the True Note of British Patriotism, the author of—

"We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too."

If, however, all our poets had had this perfect thought, in all its detail, English literature might have been enriched somewhat as follows.)

By G——y C——r

The voys of peple touchede the
hevene
So loude cryden they with
mery stevene
"God save swich a lord, that is so
so good
He wilneth no destruccioun of
blood!"
Certes, we wolde not in listes
fighte,
But an we wolde, shippes
mortal dight
We have, and eek the villeins
valiaunt
With sheeldes bright and swerdes
for to daunt.
By good Saint Jingo of our
nacioun!

Now, Crist that starf for our
redemptioun
So yeve me grace, is certein
gold, pardee,
Thes hestes to fulfille, as ye
shal see.

By A——d L——d T——n

White-throated lily of the wan wide park,
Come fearless (I was Oxford) in the dark.
I would not flush with rose that bloom of pink;
I would but say how sad I feel. You think
(And maiden's thoughts are wonderful and white),
You *really* think, then, that we want to fight!
No, no, Etarre, by your own meek fawn's gaze
And memories of my mother in your face,
I swear—I mean I solemnly affirm
(Tut! 'tis a law-court-atheist-witness term)
I mean I truthfully asseverate
That fighting we do not desiderate.
(Mind! there's a mushroom! Do not trip!)
But surely
You will allow me to indulge the purely
Æsthetic intellectual contemplation
Of the imaginary situation
Created, the contingencies that flow
Sequent, supposing only—yes, I know,
It is a mirage, a fond fancy, star
Of a fantastic universe, Etarre—
Supposing—let us play at being boy
And girl again, it is a harmless joy.
Supposing, then, that as in opposition
To actual fact, conceivable condition,
We did. Why, then, indeed the patriot's part,
The attitude of every brain and heart,
Must be, if only he would sleep in peace,
To use no higher argument, surcease
Of urging, to reflect upon the fact
That he who thinks has rarely need to act.
The thinker governs, and the government
By the electors' (and my own) consent,

And the advice of the "blue-water-school,"
Have ships in plenty, and the men to rule,
To man them and—to fight them.
Fight, I say!
By heaven, I feel a Viking! Berserk! Nay,
Nay, Maud—I mean Etarre—be not alarmed!
It were not thee my hero mood had harmed!
Besides, if beautiful implied reflective,
You would have classed the spasm as subjective.
But I digress. We have the ships, the crew,
And—I complacent smile— the money too.
Shall we go watch the peacocks on the lake,
Or to the hall for China tea and cake?

By R——t B——g

Non volumus pugnare—that won't do:
Out with your hand, boy, nolumus, whack, whack!
Nolumus—now go on—pugnare—we
Don't want to fight. Sed, but. Smith septimus,
Your collar's crumpled. How comes that? You fought?
Well, you are no true Briton. Sed—but—si
Volumus—if we do—Sit down! Next boy!
Try not to mumble so. Si volumus,
Naves, the ships, habemus, them we have;
Naves habemus, we have got the ships.
Et, and, nautas, the men, et etiam
And also. Briscoe, do sit straight. Go on,
Coleman, from nautas, sailors. Et. Well? And,
Etiam, also. Well? Don't stammer so!
Pecuniam. Yes. The money. We have got
Habemus naves, all the ships we want,
Et nautas, and the men, et etiam
Pecuniam. And the money too. Time's up.

By P——y B——e S——y

I awake from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
And the winds and stars in their melody
Sing softly to the swooning sea:
"We do not want to fight."

Ah, but, my love, shall tyrants sneer,
  Nor manhood turn to bay?
An earwig bores at that gross ear,
And its name is Liberty!
  "But if we do," I hear it say,
  "By Jingo"—(Men can die!)

Pale shallops carven of pure pearl
  We have, all hero-manned;
Each has an arm around a girl,
  And a Plato in his hand.

Nor is our leisured elegance
  For grosser cares to cease;
War hath her items of expense
  No less renowned than peace.

Though Godwin frequently reminds me
Of the father-in-law I left behind me.

By W——m B——e

Tiger, tiger, burning bright;
"No, we do not want to fight."
Tiger, spare the bleating kid!
"But, by Jingo, if we did."

"If we did, we have the ships,"
Fell not from too timid lips.
Ask the winds of Thorion then!
Wonder-word: "We have the men."

Shall not Albion graft a stem
From the root Jerusalem?
"We have got the money too."
I have heard Jesus was a Jew.

By F——s T——m

Beatific-pontifical,
Mary-mirifical,
(Os semper manet os)
Logos athanatos—
  Right:
"We don't want to fight."

Sanguine-seraphical,
Diabolo-traffical,
Storm-shrieking antiphon
Strips soul like Antipon;
New:
"If, by Jingo, we do."

Confident-fideal
In pace abide ye all!
Beam-gleams the phanal!
Deus et Meynell!
Cripps!
"We have the ships."

Iaoth Ischyros!
Hair blown as Tyro's
Never—like Aaron,
All keep your hair on!
[Ἐν]
"We have the men."

Aureate-chrysostom,
Helio-byssos! Tom,
Drink to the nemesis
Of Parthenogenesis.
(Funny!)
"We have the money."

By O——n S——n

A Hohenzollern, in his mailèd might,
Is apt to take for truth the merest rumour;
The supposition that we want to fight
Lacks humour.

Rash is the blind and puppy-baiting youth;
The supposed spaniel may turn out a dingo!
So, William, if the rumour should prove truth,
By Jingo,

Let us count Dreadnoughts. We can show sixteen
(By Winston's wisdom) to your torpid ten.
Moreover, we have "gods in the machine,"
The men.

Did we not hear of trouble in Berlin
(The Bourse) about the "Panther's" little dash?
We, on the contrary, are rolling in
Hard cash.

By T——s G——y

The spark of day is on God's anvil wrought;
The rooks caw requiem over coffined night;
In the soul's dovecot coo the doves of thought
Their matin lay: "We do not want to fight."

Yet, crowding on that central harmony,
Not as crowds gather to acclaim a king,
But hostile as the vultures from the sky
Swoop on the lone ox slackly staggering,

These thoughts—ah me! these other thoughts arise
"But if we do,"—a fiercer tocsin tolls!
"But if we do, by Jingo"—in our eyes
Flashes the beacon of our torch-lit souls.

Burns on our brain the vision, boundless blue
All islanded with grey, and on our lips
Springs the exultant note, the view-halloo,
The triumph-trumpet call: "We have the ships."

While answering from the cliffs a voice replies,
"We have the men," more solemn from the steep,
And on the crags the faery echo dies:
"We have the money"; deep responds to deep.

By D——e G——l R——i

Beetroots of lips! Blush not averse to white!
Bolsters of breasts! Writhe not beneath the whips
Of slander's tooth! Damozel truth up-trips,
Smiling disdain: "We do not want to fight."
But if we do (by Jingo) is the might
Of the Leviathan that raves and rips
Not ours? Not ours the Etna-scorning ships
That vomit meteors past Olympic spite?

Have we none valiant, none strong, none bold?
Have we not men? Ay, men the least of whom
Would with a finger-flip lay Langford low?
And is not Cheapside's dawn the chryseal glow
Of that Old Lady—bearing in her womb
Ineffable, incalculable gold?

By D——s Ch——s

No ooftish had Fanny, though frisky; she dossed it for fippence, for choice.
Oh no, sir, it wasn't the whisky that injured her Melba-like voice.
And although she had side-stepped, no doubt, sir, what odds? The girl's heart was all right;
And she'd openly put it about, sir, for Cocker, "We don't want to fight."
Merely adding with spirit—no Briton but nurses the patriot spark!
"If we did, mind, by Jingo, no kitten is England, no leap in the dark
Would war be; we've ships, men and money—and plenty left over for beer.
Now then, don't you go getting funny—but stand us a brandy, old dear."

It was Houndsditch, and Fanny had gone there, fresh air being good for her load,
When a copper said: "Here, you, move on there!" She answered: "You go and be blowed!"
A spirited dialogue started (no cribbing from Anthony Hope
Or Plato); the slop, who had smarted before from this sort of soft soap,
Said "You come along to the station. You're drunk." Fanny murmured "All right!"
And she clawed at his mug with elation, observing, "We don't want to fight."
And again to the beak, brisk as thruppence, who made it a half thick 'un job,
"We've the tubs and the tars and the tuppence," though it cleared out her very last bob.

The Man of Vision

By Paul Derrick

'Tis not alone the superman who dreams.
The humblest man of humblest mien
May, deep within his heart, hold sweetest vision.
The world knows not the things most beautiful
Which lie, like sacred flame, within the voiceless heart.
The best in man lies deepest hid from view;
The sweetest song is never given note;
Nor art can call its fairest vision forth;
Nor deepest love find way to manifest itself.

But now and then a strong man dreams a dream,
And straightway all his force of heart and brain,
And all the steadfast purpose of his eager life,
And all the power of his super-self
In one supreme, united effort
Grip with grim, giant strength that fleeting dream
And hold it fast.

And Will, that mystic thing
Which e'er escapes the mesh of thought,
That power divine on which all nature rests,
Fountain of purpose, architect of life,
Seizing the vision, moulds into stone
Those evanescent turrets of his dream.
The lofty walls, the portals wide, cornice and base
And deep foundation, sunk in the living rock,—
All these are but the dream-stuff of the mind
Made manifest by Will.

But great souls dream not dreams wherein no purpose lies;
Which do not minister to other men.
The vision splendid is a creative act
That brings to man something not yet possessed;
Something to lift his eyes above the grind of greed,
To smooth his path, to render fuller peace,
To broaden opportunity—to serve mankind.

Thus does it come that Art and Artisan
Go hand in hand.
One ploughs the ground, that in the fertile soil
The other may, perchance, plant there a rose
To bless all those who pass along the way.

All homage to the man who dreams a dream
And dares to put it to the test of use.
The world has need of him who dares to do;
Whose faith and inspiration fan into flame
The smouldering genius of a noble race
Grown sleek and fat on past achievement;
Who turns a nation's face towards the dawn
Of greater opportunity,
And, by his Will, compels a people proud
To manifest his vision to the world.

The State has need of him who knows the way
Into the people's hearts; the warrior-prophet
Who blows the trumpet-call of larger hope
For that great breed far-flung across the world.

He saw a vision of the British race
In one close brotherhood of nations knit
By common cause and common heritage;
An Empire strong in faith and purpose
And a love of peace.
This was the vision of the man who saw
Beyond the petty bickerings of party strife;
Whose flashing phrase and lucid reasoning
And rare, compelling force of Will
Lifted a nation to a fuller sense
Of its responsibility.

That nation mourns. But his inspiring memory
Will forever brood o'er those illimitable lands,
Washed by a hundred seas, beneath that flag
For which, sustained by loftiest patriotism,
He lived and died.

Parasites*

By Henri Fabre

In August or September, let us go into some gorge with bare, sun-scorched sides. When we find a slope well baked by the summer heat, a quiet corner with the temperature of an oven, we will call a halt: there is a fine harvest to be gathered there. This tropical land is the native soil of a host of Wasps and Bees, some of them busily piling the household provisions in underground warehouses: here is a stack of Weevils, Locusts, or Spiders, there a whole assortment of Flies, Bees, Mantes, or Caterpillars, while others are storing up honey in skin bottles or clay pots, or perhaps in cottony bags or urns made with the punched-out disks of leaves.

With the industrious folk who go quietly about their business, the labourers, masons, foragers, warehousers, mingles the parasitic tribe, the prowlers hurrying from one home to the next, lying in wait at the doors, watching for a favourable opportunity to settle their family at the expense of others.

A heart-rending struggle, in truth, is that which rules the insect world and, in a measure, our own world too. No sooner has a worker, by dint of exhausting labour, amassed a fortune for his children than the non-producers come hastening up to contend for its possession. To one who amasses there are sometimes five, six, or more bent upon his ruin; and often it ends, not merely in robbery, but in black murder. The worker's family, the object of so much care, for whom that home was built and those provisions stored, succumbs, devoured by the intruders directly the little bodies have acquired the soft roundness of youth. Shut up in a cell that is closed on every side, protected by its silken covering, the larva, once its victuals are con-

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and copyright U. S. A., 1914, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

sumed, sinks into a profound slumber, during which the organic changes needed for the future transformation take place. For this new hatching, which is to turn a larva into a Bee, for this general remodelling, the delicacy of which demands absolute repose, all the precautions that make for safety have been taken.

These precautions will be foiled. The enemy will succeed in penetrating the impregnable fortress; each foe has his special tactics, contrived with appalling skill. See, an egg is inserted by means of a probe beside the torpid larva; or else, in the absence of such an implement, an infinitesimal grub, an atom, comes creeping and crawling, slips in and reaches the sleeper, who will never wake again, already a succulent morsel for her ferocious visitor. The interloper makes the victim's cell and cocoon his own cell and his own cocoon; and next year, instead of the mistress of the house, there will come from below ground the bandit who usurped the dwelling and consumed the occupant.

Look at this one, striped black, white and red, with the figure of a clumsy, hairy Ant. She explores the slope on foot, inspects every nook and corner, sounds the soil with her antennæ. She is a Mutilla-wasp, the scourge of the cradled grubs. The female has no wings, but, being a relative of the Wasps and Bees, she carries a sharp poniard. To novice eyes she would easily pass for a sort of robust Ant, distinguished from the common ruck by her garb of staring motley. The male, wide-winged and more gracefully shaped, hovers incessantly a few inches above the sandy expanse. For hours at a time, on the same spot, like the Scolia-wasp, he spies the coming of the females out of the ground. If our watch be patient and persevering, we shall see the mother, after trotting about for a bit, stop somewhere and begin to scratch and dig, finally laying bare a subterranean gallery, of which there was nothing to betray the entrance; but she can discern what is invisible to us. She penetrates into the abode, remains there for a while and at last reappears to replace the rubbish and close the door as it was at the start. The abominable deed is done: the Mutilla's egg has been laid in another's cocoon, beside the slumbering larva on which the new-born grub will feed.

Here are others, all a-glitter with metallic gleams:

gold, emerald, blue and purple. They are the humming-birds of the insect world, the Chrysis-wasps, or Golden Wasps, another set of exterminators of the larvæ overcome with lethargy in their cocoons. In them, the atrocious assassin of cradled children lies hidden under the splendour of the garb. One of them, half emerald and half pale-pink, *Parnopes carnea* by name, boldly enters the burrow of *Bembex rostrata* at the very moment when the mother is at home, bringing a fresh piece of game to her larva, whom she feeds from day to day. To the elegant criminal, unskilled in navvy's work, this is the one moment to find the door open. If the mother were away, the house would be shut up; and the Golden Wasp, that sneak-thief in royal robes, could not get in. She enters, therefore, dwarf as she is, the house of the giantess whose ruin she is meditating; she makes her way right to the back, all heedless of the Bembex, her sting and her powerful jaws. What cares she that the home is not deserted? Either unmindful of the danger or paralysed with terror, the Bembex mother lets her have her way.

The unconcern of the invaded is equalled only by the boldness of the invader. Have I not seen the Anthophora-bee, at the door of her dwelling, stand a little to one side and make room for the Melecta to enter the honey-stocked cells and substitute her family for the unhappy parent's? One would think that they were two friends meeting on the threshold, one going in, the other out!

It is written in the book of fate: everything shall happen without impediment in the burrow of the Bembex; and, next year, if we open the cells of that mighty huntress of the Gad-fly, we shall find some which contain a russet-silk cocoon, the shape of a thimble with its orifice closed with a flat lid. In this silky tabernacle, which is protected by the hard outer shell, is a *Parnopes carnea*. As for the grub of the Bembex, that grub which wove the silk and next encrusted the outer casing with sand, it has disappeared entirely, all but the tattered remnants of its skin. Disappeared how? The Golden Wasp's grub has eaten it.

Another of these splendid malefactors is decked in lapis-lazuli on the thorax and in Florentine bronze and gold on the abdomen, with a terminal scarf of azure. The

nomenclators have christened her *Stilbaum calens*, FAB. When the Mason-wasp known as *Eumenes Amedei* has built on the rock her agglomeration of dome-shaped cells, with a casing of little pebbles set in the plaster, when the store of Caterpillars is consumed and the secluded ones have hung their apartments with silk, we see the Stilbaum take her stand on the inviolable citadel. No doubt some imperceptible cranny, some defect in the cement, allows her to insert her ovipositor, which shoots out like a probe. At any rate, about the end of the following May, the Eumenes' chamber contains a cocoon which again is shaped like a thimble. From this cocoon comes a *Stilbaum calens*. There is nothing left of the Eumenes' grub: the Golden Wasp has gorged herself upon it.

Flies play no small part in this brigandage. Nor are they the least to be dreaded, weaklings though they be, sometimes so feeble that the collector dare not take them in his fingers for fear of crushing them. There are some clad in velvet so extraordinarily delicate that the least touch rubs it off. They are mere fluffs of down almost as frail, in their soft elegance, as the crystalline edifice of a snowflake before it touches ground. They are called Bombylii.

With this fragility of structure is combined an incomparable power of flight. See this one, hovering motionless two feet above the ground. Her wings vibrate so rapidly that they appear to be in repose. The insect looks as though it were hung at one point in space by some invisible thread. You make a movement; and the Bombylius has disappeared. You cast your eyes in search of her around you, far away, judging the distance by the vigour of her flight. There is nothing here, nothing there. Then where is she? Close by you. Look at the point whence she started: the Bombylius is there again, hovering motionless. From this aerial observatory, as quickly regained as quitted, she inspects the ground, watching for the favourable moment to establish her egg at the cost of another creature's destruction. What does she covet for her offspring: the honey-cupboard, the stores of game, the larvæ in their transformation-sleep? I do not know yet. What I do know is that her slender legs and her dainty velvet dress do not allow her to make underground searches. When

she has found the propitious place, suddenly she will swoop down, lay her egg on the surface in that lightning touch with the tip of her abdomen and straightway fly up again. What I suspect, for reasons set forth presently, is that the grub which comes out of the Bombylius' egg must, of its own motion, at its own risk and peril, reach the victuals which the mother knows to be close at hand. She has no strength to do more; and it is for the new-born grub to make its way into the refectory.

I am better acquainted with the manœuvres of certain Tachinæ, the tiniest of pale-grey Flies, who, cowering on the sand in the sun, in the neighbourhood of a burrow, patiently await the hour at which to strike the fell blow. Let a Bembex return from the chase, with her Gad-fly; a Philanthus, with her Bee; a Cerceris, with her Weevil; a Tachytes, with her Locust: straightway the parasites are there, coming and going, turning and twisting with the Wasp, always at her rear, without allowing themselves to be put off by any cautious feints. At the moment when the huntress goes indoors, with her captured game between her legs, they fling themselves on her prey, which is on the point of disappearing underground, and nimbly lay their eggs upon it. The thing is done in the twinkling of an eye: before the threshold is crossed, the carcase holds the germs of a new set of guests, who will feed on victuals not amassed for them and starve the children of the house to death.

This other, resting on the burning sand, is also a member of the Fly tribe; she is an Anthrax. She has wide wings, spread horizontally, half smoked and half transparent. She wears a dress of velvet, like the Bombylius, her near neighbour in the official registers; but, though the soft down is similar in fineness, it is very different in colour. Anthrax is Greek for coal. It is a happy denomination, reminding us of the Fly's mourning livery, a coal-black livery with silver tears. The same deep mourning garbs those Parasitic Bees, the Crocisæ and the Melectæ; and these are the only instances known to me of that violent opposition of dead black and white.

Nowadays, when men interpret everything with glorious assurance, when they explain the Lion's tawny mane as due to the colour of the African desert, attribute the Tiger's

dark stripes to the streaks of shadow cast by the bamboos and extricate any number of other magnificent things with the same facility from the mists of the unknown, I should not be sorry to hear what they have to say of the Melecta, the Crocisa and the Anthrax and of the origin of their exceptional costume.

The word "mimesis" has been invented for the express purpose of designating the animal's supposed faculty of adapting itself to its environment by imitating the objects around it, at least in the matter of colouring. We are told that it uses this faculty to baffle its foes, or else to approach its prey without alarming it. Finding itself the better for this dissimulation, a source of prosperity, indeed, each race, sifted by the struggle for life, is considered to have preserved those best-endowed with mimetic powers and to have allowed the others to become extinct, thus gradually converting into a fixed characteristic what at first was but a casual acquisition. The Lark became earth-coloured in order to hide himself from the eyes of the bird of prey when pecking in the fields; the common Lizard adopted a grass-green tint in order to blend with the foliage of the thickets in which he lurks; the Cabbage-caterpillar guarded against the bird's beak by taking the colour of the plant on which it feeds. And so with the rest.

In my callow youth, these comparisons would have interested me: I was just ripe for that kind of science. In the evenings, on the straw of the threshing-floor, we used to talk of the Dragon, the monster which, to inveigle people and snap them up with greater certainty, became indistinguishable from a rock, the trunk of a tree, a bundle of twigs. Since those happy days of artless credulity, scepticism has chilled my imagination to some extent. By way of a parallel with the three examples which I have quoted, I ask myself why the White Wagtail, who seeks his food in the furrows as does the Lark, has a white shirt-front surmounted by a magnificent black stock. This dress is one of those most easily picked out at a distance against the rusty colours of the soil. Whence comes his neglect to practise mimesis, "protective mimicry"? He has every need of it, poor fellow, quite as much as his companion in the fields!

Why is the Eyed Lizard of Provence as green as the

Common Lizard, considering that he shuns verdure and chooses as his haunt, in the bright sunlight, some chink in the naked rocks where not so much as a tuft of moss grows? If, to capture his tiny prey, his brother in the copses and the hedges thought it necessary to dissemble and consequently to dye his pearl-embroidered coat, how comes it that the denizen of the sun-scorched rocks persists in his blue and green colouring, which at once betrays him against the whitey-grey stone? Indifferent to mimicry, is he the less skilful Beetle-hunter on that account, is his race degenerating? I have studied him sufficiently to be able to declare, with positive certainty, that he continues to thrive both in numbers and in vigour.

Why has the Spurge-caterpillar adopted for its dress the gaudiest colours and those which contrast most with the green of the leaves which it frequents? Why does it flaunt its red, black and white in patches clashing violently with one another? Woúld it not be worth its while to follow the example of the Cabbage-caterpillar and imitate the verdure of the plant that feeds it? Has it no enemies? Of course it has: which of us, animals and man, has not?

A string of these whys could be extended indefinitely. It would give me amusement, did my time permit me, to counter each example of protective mimicry with a host of examples to the contrary. What manner of law is this which has at least ninety-nine exceptions in a hundred cases? Poor human nature! There is a deceptive agreement between a few actual facts and the theory which we are so foolishly ready to believe; and straightway we interpret the facts in the light of the theory. In a speck of the immense unknown we catch a glimpse of a phantom truth, a shadow, a will-o'-the-wisp; once the atom is explained, for better or worse, we imagine that we hold the explanation of the universe and all that it contains; and we forthwith shout:

"The great law of Nature! Behold the infallible law!"

Meanwhile, the discordant facts, an innumerable host, clamour at the gates of the law, being unable to gain admittance.

At the door of that infinitely restricted law clamour the great tribe of Golden Wasps, whose dazzling splendour,

worthy of the wealth of Golconda, clashes with the dingy colour of their haunts. To deceive the eyes of their bird-tyrants, the Swift, the Swallow, the Chat and the others, these Chrysis-wasps, who glow like a carbuncle, like a nugget in the midst of its dark veinstone, certainly do not adapt themselves to the sand and the clay of their downs. The Green Grasshopper, so we are told, thought out a plan for gulling his enemies by identifying himself in colour with the grass in which he dwells, whereas the Wasp, so rich in instinct and strategy, allowed herself to be distanced in the race by the dull-witted Locust! Rather than adapt herself as the other does, she persists in her incredible splendour, which betrays her from afar to every insect-eater and, in particular, to the little Grey Lizard, who lies hungrily in wait for her on the old sun-tapestried walls. She remains ruby, emerald and turquoise amidst her grey environment; and her race thrives none the worse.

The enemy that eats you is not the only one to be deceived; mimesis must also play its colour-tricks on him whom you have to eat. See the Tiger in his jungle, see the Praying Mantis on her green branch. Astute mimicry is even more necessary when the one to be duped is an amphytrion at whose cost the parasite's family is to be established. The Tachinæ seem to declare as much: they are grey or greyish, of a colour as undecided as the dusty soil on which they cower, waiting for the arrival of the huntress laden with her capture. But they dissemble in vain: the Bembex, the Philanthus and the others see them from above, before touching ground; they recognise them perfectly at a distance, despite their grey costume. And so they hover prudently above the burrow and strive, by sudden feints, to mislead the traitorous little Fly, who, on her side, knows her business too well to allow herself to be enticed away or to leave the spot where the other is bound to return. No, a thousand times, no: clay-coloured though they be, the Tachinæ have no better chance of attaining their ends than a host of other parasites whose clothing is not of grey frieze to match the locality frequented, as witness the glittering Chrysis, or the Melecta and the Crocisa, with their white spots on a black ground.

We are also told that, the better to cozen his amphytrion, the parasite adopts more or less the same shape and

colouring; he turns himself, in appearance, into a harmless neighbour, a worker belonging to the same guild. Instance the Psithyrus, who lives at the expense of the Bumble-bee. But in what, if you please, does *Parnopes carnea* resemble the Bembex into whose home she penetrates in her presence. In what does the Melecta resemble the Anthophora, who stands aside on her threshold to let her pass? The difference of costume is most striking. The Melecta's deep mourning has nothing in common with the Anthophora's russet coat. The emerald and carmine thorax of the Parnopes possess not the least feature of resemblance with the black and yellow livery of the Bembex. And this Chrysis also is a dwarf in comparison with the ardent Nimrod who goes hunting Gad-flies.

Besides, what a curious idea, to make the parasite's success depend upon a more or less faithful likeness with the insect to be robbed! Why, the imitation would have exactly the opposite effect! With the exception of the Social Bees, who work at a common task, failure would be certain, for here, as among mankind, two of a trade never agree. An Osmia, an Anthophora, a Mason-bee had better be careful not to poke an indiscreet head in at her neighbour's door: a sound drubbing would soon recall her to a sense of the proprieties. She might easily find herself with a dislocated shoulder or a mangled leg in return for a simple visit which was perhaps prompted by no evil intention. Each for herself in her own stronghold. But let a parasite appear, meditating foul play: that's a very different thing. She can wear the trappings of Harlequin or of a church-beadle; she can be the Clerus-beetle, in wing-cases of vermilion with blue trimmings, or the Dioxys-bee, with a red scarf across her black abdomen; and the mistress of the house will let her have her way, or, if she become too pressing, will drive her off with a mere flick of her wing. With her, there is no serious fray, no fierce fight. The bludgeon is reserved for the friend of the family. Now go and practise your mimesis in order to receive a welcome from the Anthophora or the Mason-bee! A few hours spent with the insects themselves will turn one into a hardened scoffer at these artless theories.

To sum up, mimesis, in my eyes, is a piece of childishness. Were I not anxious to remain polite, I should say

that it is sheer silliness; and the word would express my meaning better. The variety of combinations in the domain of possible things is infinite. It is undeniable that, here and there, cases occur in which the animal harmonises with surrounding objects. It would even be very strange if such cases were excluded from actuality, since everything is possible. But these rare coincidences are faced, under exactly similar conditions, by inconsistencies so strongly marked and so numerous that, having frequency on their side, they ought, in all logic, to serve as the basis of the law. Here, one fact says yes; there, a thousand facts say no. To which evidence shall we lend an ear? If we only wish to bolster up a theory, it would be prudent to listen to neither. The how and why escapes us; what we dignify with the pretentious title of a law is but a way of looking at things with our mind, a very squint-eyed way, which we adopt for the requirements of our case. Our would-be laws contain but an infinitesimal shade of reality; often, indeed, they are but puffed out with vain imaginings. Such is the law of mimesis, which explains the Green Grasshopper by the green leaves in which this Locust settles and is silent as to the Crioceris, that coral-red Beetle who lives on the no less green leaves of the lily.

And it is not only a mistaken interpretation: it is a clumsy pitfall in which novices allow themselves to be caught. Novices, did I say? The greatest experts themselves fall into the trap. One of our masters of entomology did me the honour to visit my laboratory. I was showing my collection of parasites. One of them, clad in black and yellow, attracted his attention.

"This," said he, "is obviously a parasite of the Wasps."

Surprised at the statement, I interposed:

"By what signs do you know her?"

"Why, look: it's the exact colouring of the Wasp, a mixture of black and yellow. It is a most striking case of mimesis."

"Just so; nevertheless, our black-and-yellow friend is a parasite of the Mason-bee of the Walls, who has nothing in common, either in shape or colour, with the Wasp. This is a Leucospis, not one of whom enters the Wasps' nests."

"Then mimesis. . . .?"

"Mimesis is an illusion which we should do well to relegate to oblivion."

And, with the evidence in front of him, a whole series of conclusive examples, my learned visitor admitted with a good grace that his first convictions were based on a most ludicrous foundation.

A piece of advice to beginners: you will go wrong a thousand times for once that you are right, if, when anxious to obtain a premature sight of the probable habits of an insect, you take mimesis as your guide. With mimesis, above all, it is wise, when the law says that a thing is black, first to inquire whether it does not happen to be white.

Let us go on to more serious subjects and enquire into parasitism itself, without troubling any longer about the costume of the parasite. According to etymology, a parasite is one who eats another's bread, one who lives on the provisions of others. Entomology often alters this term from its real meaning. Thus, it describes as parasites the Chrysis, the Mutilla, the Anthrax, the Leucospis, all of whom feed their family, not on the provisions amassed by others, but on the very larvæ which have consumed those provisions, their actual property. When the Tachinæ have succeeded in laying their eggs on the game warehoused by the Bembex, the burrower's home is invaded by real parasites, in the strict sense of the word. Around the heap of Gad-flies, collected solely for the children of the house, new guests force their way, numerous and hungry, and, without the least ceremony, plunge into the thick of it. They sit down to a table that was not laid for them; they eat side by side with the lawful owner; and this in such haste that he dies of starvation, though he is respected by the teeth of the interlopers who have gorged themselves on his portion.

When the Melecta has substituted her egg for the Anthophora's, here again we see a real parasite settling in the usurped cell. The pile of honey laboriously gathered by the mother will not even be broken in upon by the nurseling for which it was intended. Another will profit by it, with none to say him nay. Tachinæ and Melectæ: those are the true parasites, consumers of other's goods.

Can we say as much of the Chrysis or the Mutilla? In no wise. The Scolia-wasps are certainly not parasites. No one will accuse them of stealing the food of others. Zealous workers, they seek and find, under ground, the fat grubs on which their family will feed. They follow the chase by virtue of the same quality as the most renowned hunters, Cerceris, Sphex, or Ammophila; only, instead of removing the game to a special lair, they leave it where it is, down in the burrow. Homeless poachers, they let their venison be consumed on the spot where it is caught.

In what respect do the Mutilla, the Chrysis, the Leucospis, the Anthrax and so many others differ, in their way of living, from the Scolia? It seems to me, in none. See for yourselves. By an artifice that varies according to the mother's talent, their grubs, either in the germ-stage or newly-born, are brought into touch with the victim that is to feed them: an unwounded victim, for most of them are without a sting; a live victim, but steeped in the torpor of the coming transformations and thus delivered without defence to the grub that is to devour it.

With them, as with the Scoliæ, meals are made on the spot on game legitimately acquired by indefatigable battues or by patient stalking in which all the rules have been observed; only, the animal hunted is defenceless and does not need to be laid low with a dagger-thrust. To seek and find for one's larder a torpid prey incapable of resistance is, if you like, less meritorious than bravely to stab the strong-jawed Rose-chafer or Rhinoceros-beetle; but since when has the title of sportsman been denied to him who blows out the brains of a harmless Rabbit, instead of waiting without flinching for the furious charge of the Wild Boar and driving his hunting-knife behind the brute's shoulder? Besides, if the actual assault is without danger, the approach is attended with a difficulty that increases the merit of these second-rate poachers. The coveted game is invisible. It is confined in the stronghold of a cell and, moreover, protected by the surrounding wall of a cocoon. Of what prowess must not the mother be capable to determine the exact spot at which it lies and to lay her egg on its side or close by? For these reasons, I boldly number the Chrysis, the Mutilla and their rivals among the hunters and reserve the ignoble title of parasites for the Tachina,

the Melecta, the Crocisa, the Meloe-beetle, in short, for all those who feed on the provisions of others.

All things considered, is ignoble the right epithet to apply to parasitism? No doubt, in the human race, the idler who feeds at other people's tables is contemptible at all points; but must the animal bear the burden of the indignation inspired by our own vices? Our parasites, our scurvy parasites, live at their neighbour's expense: the animal never; and this changes the whole aspect of the question. I know of no instance, not one, excepting man, of parasites who consume the provisions hoarded by a worker of the same species. There may be, here and there, a few cases of larceny, of casual pillage, among hoarders belonging to the same trade: that I am quite ready to admit; but it does not affect things. What would be really serious and what I formally deny is that, in the same zoological species, there should be some who possessed the attribute of living at the expense of the rest. In vain do I consult my memory and my notes: my long entomological career does not furnish me with a solitary example of such a misdeed as that of an insect leading the life of a parasite upon its fellows.

When the Mason-bee of the Sheds works, in her thousands, at her Cyclopean edifice, each has her own home, a sacred home where not one of the tumultuous swarm, except the proprietress, dreams of taking a mouthful of honey. It is as though there were a neighbourly understanding to respect the others' rights. Moreover, if some heedless one mistakes her cell and as much as alights on the rim of a cup that does not belong to her, forthwith the owner appears, admonishes her severely and soon calls her to order. But, if the store of honey is the estate of some deceased Bee, or of some wanderer unduly prolonging her absence, then—and then alone—a neighbour seizes upon it. The goods were waste property, which she turns to account; and it is a very proper economy. The other Bees and Wasps behave likewise: never, I say never, do we find among them an idler assiduously planning the conquest of her neighbour's possessions. No insect is a parasite on its own species.

What then is parasitism, if one must look for it among animals of different races? Life in general is but a vast

brigandage. Nature devours herself; matter is kept alive by passing from one stomach into another. At the banquet of life, each is in turn guest and dish; the eater of to-day becomes the eaten of to-morrow; *hodie tibi, cras mihi.* Everything lives on that which lives or has lived; everything is parasitism. Man is the great parasite, the unbridled thief of all that is fit to eat. He steals its mother's milk from the Lamb, he steals the honey from the children of the Bee, even as the Melecta pilfers the pottage of the Anthophora's sons. The two cases are similar. Is it the vice of indolence? No, it is the fierce law which for the life of the one exacts the death of the other.

In this implacable struggle of devourers and devoured, of pillagers and pillaged, of robbers and robbed, the Melecta deserves no more than we the title of ignoble; in ruining the Anthophora, she is but imitating man in one detail, man who is the infinite source of destruction. Her parasitism is no blacker than ours: she has to feed her offspring; and, possessing no harvesting-tools, ignorant besides of the art of harvesting, she uses the provisions of others who are better endowed with implements and talents. In the fierce riot of empty bellies, she does what she can with the gifts at her disposal.

Honour and Arms

By D. H. Lawrence

I.

THEY had marched more than thirty kilometres since dawn, along the white, hot road where occasional thickets of trees threw a moment of shade, then out into the glare again. On either hand, the valley, wide and shallow, glittered with heat; dark green patches of rye, pale young corn, fallow and meadow and black pine woods spread in a dull, hot diagram under a glistening sky. But right in front the mountains ranged across, pale blue and very still, snow gleaming gently out of the deep atmosphere. And towards the mountains, on and on, the regiment marched between the rye fields and the meadows, between the ruined fruit-trees set regularly on either side the high road. The burnished, dark green rye threw off a suffocating heat, the mountains drew gradually nearer and more distinct. While the feet of the soldiers grew hotter, sweat ran through their hair under their helmets, and their knapsacks could burn no more in contact with their shoulders, but seemed instead to give off a cold, prickly sensation.

He could now walk almost without pain. At the start, he had determined not to limp. It had made him sick to take the first steps, and during the first mile or so, he had held his breath, and the cold drops of sweat had stood on his forehead. But he had walked it off. What were they after all but bruises! He had looked at them, as he was getting up: deep bruises on the backs of his thighs. And since he had made his first step in the morning, he had been conscious of them, till now he had a tight, hot place in his chest, with suppressing the pain, and holding himself in. There seemed no air when he breathed. But he walked almost lightly.

The Captain's hand had trembled at taking his coffee at

dawn: his orderly saw it again. And he saw the fine figure of the Captain wheeling on horseback at the farm-house ahead, a handsome figure in pale blue uniform with facings of scarlet, and the metal gleaming on the black helmet and the sword-scabbard, and dark streaks of sweat coming on the silky bay horse. The orderly felt he was connected with that figure moving so suddenly on horseback: he followed it like a shadow, mute and inevitable and damned by it. And the officer was always aware of the tramp of the company behind, the march of his orderly among the men.

The Captain was a tall man of about forty, grey at the temples. He had a handsome, finely-knit figure, and was one of the best horsemen in the West. His orderly, having to rub him down, admired the amazing riding-muscles of his loins.

For the rest, the orderly scarcely noticed the officer any more than he noticed himself. It was rarely he saw his master's face: he did not look at it. The Captain had reddish-brown, stiff hair, that he wore short and well brushed. His moustache was also cut short and bristly over a full, brutal mouth. His face was rather rugged, the cheeks thin. Perhaps the man was the more handsome for the deep lines in his face, the irritable tension of his brow, which gave him the look of a man who fights with life. His fair eye-brows stood bushy over light blue eyes that were always flashing with cold fire. He was a Prussian aristocrat, haughty and overbearing. Having made too many gambling debts when he was young, he had ruined his prospects in the Army, and remained an infantry captain. He had never married: his position did not allow of it, and no woman had ever moved him to it. His time he spent riding—occasionally on one of his own horses at the races—and at the officers' club. Now and then he took himself a mistress. But after such an event, he returned to duty with his brow still more tense, his eyes still more hostile and irritable.

The orderly was a youth of about twenty-two, of medium height, and well built. He had strong, heavy limbs, was swarthy, with a soft, black, young moustache. There was something altogether warm and young about him. He had firmly-marked eyebrows over dark, expressionless eyes,

that seemed never to have thought, only to have received life direct through his senses, as if he acted straight from instinct.

Gradually the officer had become aware of his servant's young, vigorous, unconscious presence about him. He could not get away from the sense of the youth's person, while he was in attendance. There was something so free and self-contained about him, and something in the young fellow's movement, that made the elder man glance at him. And this irritated the Prussian. To see the soldier's young, brown, shapely peasant's hand grasp the loaf or the wine-bottle sent a flash of hate or of anger through the other man's blood. It was not that the youth was clumsy: it was rather the blind, instinctive sureness of movement of an unhampered young animal that irritated the officer to such a degree.

He had served the Captain for more than a year, and so knew his duty. This he performed easily, as if it were natural to him. The officer and his commands he took for granted, as he took the sun and the rain, and he served as a matter of course. It did not implicate him personally.

But in spite of himself, the Captain could not regain his neutrality of feeling towards his orderly. Nor could he leave the man alone. In spite of himself, he watched him, gave him sharp orders, tried to take up as much of his time as possible. Sometimes he flew into a rage with the young soldier, and bullied him. Then the orderly shut himself off, as it were out of earshot, and waited, with sullen, flushed face for the end of the noise. The words never pierced to his intelligence, and he made himself, protectively, impervious to the feelings of his master.

He had a scar on his left thumb, a deep seam going across the knuckle. The officer had long suffered from it, and wanted to do something to it. Still it was there, ugly and brutal on the young, brown hand. At last the Captain's reserve gave way. One day, as the orderly was smoothing out the tablecloth, the officer pinned down his thumb with a pencil, asking:

"How did you come by that?"

The young man winced and drew back at attention.

"A wood axe, Sir," he answered.

The officer waited for further explanation. None came.

The orderly went about his duties. The elder man was sullenly angry. His servant avoided him. And the next day he had to use all his will-power to avoid seeing the scarred thumb. He wanted to get hold of it and——. A hot flame ran in his blood.

He knew his servant would soon be free, and would be glad. As yet, the soldier had held himself off from the elder man. The Captain grew madly irritable. He could not rest when the soldier was away, and when he was present, he glared at him with tormented eyes. He hated those fine, black brows over the reserved, dark eyes, he was infuriated by the free movement of the handsome limbs, which no military discipline could make stiff. And he became harsh and cruelly bullying, using contempt and satire. The young soldier only grew more mute and expressionless.

"What scum were you bred by, that you can't keep straight eyes? Look at me when I speak to you."

And the soldier turned his dark eyes to the other's face, but there was no sight in them: he stared with the slightest possible cast, holding back his sight, perceiving the blue of his master's eyes, but receiving no look from them. And the elder man went pale with fury, and his reddish eyebrows twitched. He gave his order, barrenly.

But there were only two months more. The youth tried to keep himself intact: he tried to serve the officer as if the latter were an abstract authority and not a man. All his instinct was to avoid personal contact, even definite hate. But in spite of himself the hate grew, responsive to the officer's passion. However, he would keep it in the background. When he had left the Army he could vent it in expression. By nature he was active, and had many friends. But there was always some part of himself that had been apart from his comrades, they had ranged themselves on their own side, left him alone on his. Now this solitariness was intensified. It would carry him through his term. But the officer seemed to be going irritably insane, and the youth was deeply frightened.

The soldier had a sweetheart, a girl from the mountains, independent and primitive. The two walked together, rather silently. He went with her, not to talk, but to have his arm round her, and for the physical contact. This

eased him, made it easier for him to ignore the Captain; for he could rest with her held fast against his chest. And she, in some unbroken fashion, was there for him.

But the Captain perceived it, and was mad with mortification. He kept the young man engaged all the evenings long, and took pleasure in the dark look that came on his face. Occasionally, the eyes of the two men met, those of the younger sullen and reserved, waiting doggedly, those of the elder sneering with restless contempt.

The officer tried hard not to acknowledge the passion that had got hold of him. He would not admit that his feeling for his orderly was anything but that of a man incensed by a stupid, perverse servant. So, keeping quite justified and conventional in his consciousness, he let the other thing run on. His nerves, however, were suffering. At last he slung the end of a belt in his servant's face. When he saw the youth start back, the pain-tears in his eyes and the blood on his mouth, he had felt at once a thrill of deep pleasure and of shame.

But this, he acknowledged to himself, was a thing he had never done before. The fellow was too exasperating. But his own nerves must be going to pieces. He went away for some days with a woman.

It was a mockery of pleasure. He simply did not want the woman. But he hung on for his time. At the end of it, he came back in an agony of irritation, torment, and misery. He rode all the evening, then came straight in to supper. His orderly was out. The officer sat with his long, fine hands lying on the table, perfectly still, and all his blood seemed to be corroding.

At last his servant entered. He watched the strong, easy young figure, the fine eyebrows, the thick black hair. In a week's time the youth had got back his old well-being. The hands of the officer twitched and seemed to be full of mad flame. The young man stood at attention, unmoving, shut off.

The meal went in silence. But the orderly seemed eager. He made a clatter with the dishes.

"Are you in a hurry?" asked the officer, watching the intent, warm face of his servant. The other did not reply.

"Will you answer my question?" said the Captain.

"Yes, Sir," replied the orderly, standing with his pile

of deep Army plates. The Captain waited, looked at him, then asked again:

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Yes, Sir," came the answer, that sent a flash through the listener.

"For what?"

"I was going out, Sir."

"I want you this evening."

There was a moment's hesitation. The officer had a curious stiffness of countenance.

"Yes, Sir," replied the servant, in his throat.

"I want you to-morrow evening also—in fact, you may consider your evenings occupied, unless I give you leave."

The mouth with the young moustache set close.

"Yes, Sir," answered the orderly, through shut teeth.

He again turned to the door.

"And why have you a piece of pencil in your ear?"

The orderly hesitated, then continued on his way without answering. He set the plates in a pile outside the door, took the stump of pencil from his ear, and put it in his pocket. Having had a sentimental impulse, he had been copying a verse for his sweetheart's birthday card. He returned to finish clearing the table. The officer's eyes were dancing, he had a little, eager smile.

"Why have you a piece of pencil in your ear?" he asked.

The orderly took his hands full of dishes. His master was standing near the great green stove, a little smile on his face, his chin thrust forward. When the young soldier saw him his heart suddenly ran hot. He felt blind. Instead of answering, he turned dazedly to the door. As he was crouching to set down the dishes, he was pitched forward by a kick from behind. The pots went in a stream down the stairs, he clung to the pillar of the bannisters. And as he was rising he was kicked heavily again. and again, so that he clung sickly to the post for some moments. His master had gone swiftly into the room and closed the door. The maid-servant downstairs looked up the staircase and made a mocking face at the crockery disaster.

The officer's heart was plunging.

"Schöner!" he said.

The soldier was a little slower in coming to attention.

"Yes, Sir!"

The youth stood before him, with pathetic young moustache, and fine eyebrows very distinct on his forehead of dark marble.

"I asked you a question."

"Yes, Sir."

The officer's tone bit like acid.

"Why had you a pencil in your ear?"

Again the servant's heart ran hot, and he could not breathe. With dark, strained eyes, he looked at the officer as if fascinated. And he stood there sturdily planted, unconscious. The withering smile came into the Captain's eyes, and he lifted his foot.

"I—I forgot it—Sir," panted the soldier, his dark eyes fixed on the other man's dancing blue ones.

"What was it doing there?"

He saw the young man's breast heaving as he panted for words.

"I had been writing."

"Writing what?"

Again the soldier looked him up and down. The officer could hear him panting. The smile came into the blue eyes. The soldier worked his dry throat, but could not speak. Suddenly the smile lit like a flame on the officer's face, and a kick came heavily against the orderly's thigh. The youth moved a pace sideways. His face went dead, with two black, staring eyes.

"Well?" said the officer.

The orderly's mouth had gone dry, and his tongue rubbed in it as on dry brown paper. He worked his throat. The officer raised his foot. The servant went stiff.

"Some poetry, Sir," came the crackling, unrecognisable sound of his voice.

"Poetry, to whom?" asked the Captain, with a sickly smile.

Again there was the working in the throat. The Captain's heart had suddenly gone down heavily, and he stood sick and tired.

"My girl, Sir," he heard the dry, inhuman sound.

"Oh!" he said, turning away. "Clear the table."

"Click" went the soldier's throat; then again, "click!"; and then the half-articulate:

"Yes, Sir."

The young soldier was gone, looking old, and walking heavily.

The officer, left alone, held himself rigid, to prevent himself from thinking. His instinct warned him that he must not think. Deep inside him was the intense gratification of his passion, still working powerfully. Then there was a counter-action, a horrible breaking down of something inside him, a whole agony of reaction. He stood there for an hour motionless, a chaos of sensations, but rigid with a will to keep blank his consciousness, to prevent his mind grasping. And he held himself so until the worst of the stress had passed, when he began to drink, drank himself to an intoxication, till he slept obliterated.

The orderly had gone about in a stupor all the evening. He drank some beer because he was parched, but not much, the alcohol made his feeling come back, and he could not bear it. He was dulled, as if nine-tenths of the ordinary man in him were killed. He crawled about disfigured. Still, when he thought of the kicks, he went sick, and when he thought of the threat of more kicking, in the room afterwards, his heart went hot and faint, and he panted, remembering the one that had come. He had been forced to say, "To my girl." He was much too done even to want to cry.

In the morning were the manœuvres. But he woke even before the bugle sounded. The painful ache in his chest, the dryness of his throat, the awful steady feeling of misery made his eyes come awake and dreary at once. But he knew, without thinking, what had happened. And he knew that the day had come again, when he must go on with his round. The last bit of darkness was being pushed out of the room. He would have to drag up his inert body and go on. He was so young, and had known so little trouble, that he was bewildered. He only wished it would stay night, so that he could lie still, covered up by the darkness. And yet nothing would prevent the day from coming, nothing would save him from having to get up and saddle the Captain's horse, and make the Captain's coffee. It was there, inevitable. And then, he thought, it was impossible. Yet they would not leave him alone. He must go and take the coffee to the Captain. He was

too stunned to understand it. He only knew it was inevitable—inevitable, however long he lay inert.

At last, after heaving at himself, for he seemed to be a mass of inertia, he got up. But he had to force every one of his movements from behind, with his will. He felt lost, and dazed, and helpless. Then he clutched hold of the bed, the pain was so keen. And looking at his thighs, he saw the darker bruises on his swarthy flesh and he knew that, if he pressed one of his fingers on one of the bruises, he should faint. But he did not want to faint—he did not want anybody to know. No one should ever know. It was between him and the Captain. There were only the two people in the world now—himself and the Captain.

Slowly, economically, he got dressed and forced himself to walk. Everything was obscure, except just what he had his hands on. But he managed to get through his work. The very pain revived his dull senses. The worst remained yet. He took the tray and went up to the Captain's room. The officer, pale and heavy, sat at the table. The orderly, as he saluted, felt himself put out of existence. He stood still for a moment submitting to his own nullification—then he gathered himself, on the rebound, and then the Captain seemed to grow vague, unreal, and the young soldier's heart beat up with pride. He clung to this sensation—that the Captain did not exist—so that he himself might live. But when he saw his officer's hand tremble as he took the coffee, he felt everything falling shattered. And he went away, feeling as if he himself were coming to pieces, disintegrated. And when the Captain was there on horseback, giving orders, while he himself stood, with rifle and knapsack, sick with pain, he felt as if he must shut his eyes and be gone—as if he must shut his eyes on his own existence. It was only the long agony of marching with a parched throat that filled him with one single, sleep-heavy intention: to get away, to save himself.

II.

He was getting used even to his parched throat. That the snowy peaks were radiant among the sky, that the

whitey-green glacier-river twisted through its pale shoals, in the valley below, seemed almost supernatural. But he was going mad with fever and thirst. He plodded on, uncomplaining. He did not want to complain, not to anybody. There were two gulls, like flakes of water and snow, over the river. The scent of green rye soaked in sunshine came like a sickness. And the march continued, monotonously, almost like a bad sleep.

At the next farm-house, which stood low and broad near the high road, tubs of water had been put out. The soldiers clustered round to drink. They took off their helmets, and the steam mounted from their wet hair. The Captain sat on horseback, watching. He needed to see his orderly. His helmet threw a dark shadow over his light, fierce eyes, but his moustache and mouth and chin were distinct in the sunshine. The orderly could scarcely move in the presence of the figure of the horseman. It was not that he was afraid, or cowed. It was as if he was disembowelled, made empty, like an empty shell. He felt himself as nothing, a shadow creeping under the sunshine. And, thirsty as he was, he could scarcely drink, feeling the Captain near him. He would not take off his helmet to wipe his wet hair. He wanted to efface himself, not to be forced into consciousness. Starting, he saw the light heel of the officer prick the belly of the horse; the Captain cantered away, and he himself could relapse into vacancy.

Nothing, however, could give him back his living place in the hot, bright morning. He felt like a gap among it all. Whereas the Captain was prouder and fuller. A hot flash went through the young servant's body. The Captain was firmer and prouder with life, he himself was empty as a shadow. Again the flash went through him, dazing him out. But his heart ran a little firmer.

The company turned up the hill, to make a loop for the return. Below, from among the trees, the farm-bell clanged. He saw the labourers, mowing bare-foot at the thick grass, leave off their work and go down hill, their scythes hanging over their shoulders, like long, bright claws curving down behind them. They seemed like dream-people, as if they had no relation to himself. He felt as he felt in a blackish dream: as if all the other things

were there and had form, but he himself was only a consciousness, a gap that could think and perceive.

At last there was the halt. They stacked rifles in a conical stack, put down their kit in a scattered circle around it, and dispersed a little, sitting on a small knoll high on the hill-side. The chatter began. The soldiers were steaming with heat, but were lively. He sat still, seeing the blue mountains rising upon the land, twenty kilometres away.

Suddenly something moved into the coloured mirage before his eyes. The Captain, a small, light-blue and scarlet figure, was trotting evenly between the strips of corn, along the level brow of the hill. And the man making flag-signals was coming on. Proud and sure moved the horseman's figure, the quick, bright thing, in which was concentrated all the light of this morning, which for the rest lay a fragile, shining shadow. Submissive, apathetic, the young soldier sat and stared. But as the horse slowed to a walk, coming up the last steep path, the great flash flared over the body and soul of the orderly. He sat waiting. The back of his head felt as if it were weighted with a heavy piece of fire. He did not want to eat. His hands trembled slightly as he moved them. Meanwhile the officer on horseback was approaching slowly and proudly. The tension grew in the orderly's soul. Then again, seeing the Captain ease himself on the saddle, the flash blazed through him.

The Captain looked at the patch of light-blue and scarlet, and dark heads, scattered closely on the hill-side. It pleased him. The command pleased him. And he was feeling proud. His orderly was among them in common subjection. The officer rose a little on his stirrups to look. The young soldier sat with averted, dumb face. The Captain relaxed on to his seat. His slim-legged, beautiful horse, brown as a beech-nut, walked proudly uphill. The Captain passed into the zone of the company's atmosphere: a hot smell of men, of sweat, of leather. He knew it very well. After a word with the lieutenant, he went a few paces higher, and sat there, a dominant figure, his sweat-marked horse swishing its tail, while he looked down on his men, on his orderly, a nonentity among the crowd.

The young soldier's heart was like fire in his chest, and he breathed with difficulty. The officer, looking down-hill, saw three of the young soldiers, two pails of water between them, staggering across a sunny green field. A table had been set up under a tree, and there the slim lieutenant stood, importantly busy. Then the Captain summoned himself to an act of courage. He called his orderly.

The flame leapt into the young soldier's throat as he heard the command, and he rose blindly, stifled. He saluted, standing below the officer. He did not look up. But there was the flicker in the Captain's voice.

"Go to the inn and fetch me. . . ." the officer gave his commands. "Quick!" he added.

At the last word, the heart of the servant leapt with a flash, and he felt the strength come over his body. But he turned in mechanical obedience, and set off at a heavy run down-hill, looking almost like a bear, his trousers bagging over his military boots. And the officer watched this blind, plunging run all the way.

But it was only the outside of the orderly's body that was obeying so humbly and mechanically. Inside had gradually accumulated a core into which all the energy of that young life was compact and concentrated. He executed his commission, and plodded quickly back up-hill. There was a pain in his head, as he walked, that made him twist his features unknowingly. But hard there in the centre of his chest was himself, himself, firm, and not to be plucked to pieces.

The Captain had gone up into the wood. The orderly plodded through the hot, powerfully-smelling zone of the company's atmosphere. He had a curious mass of energy inside him now. The Captain was less real than himself. He approached the green entrance to the wood. There, in the half-shade, he saw the horse standing, the sunshine and the flickering shadow of leaves dancing over his brown body. There was a clearing where timber had lately been felled. Here, in the gold-green shade beside the brilliant cup of sunshine, stood two figures, blue and pink, the bits of pink showing out plainly. The Captain was talking to his lieutenant.

The orderly stood on the edge of the bright clearing,

where great trunks of trees, supple and glistening, lay stretched like naked, brown-skinned bodies. Chips of wood littered the trampled floor, and the bases of the felled trees rose here and there, with their raw, level tops. Beyond was the brilliant, sunlit green of a beech.

"Then I will ride forward," the orderly heard his Captain say. The lieutenant saluted and strode away. He himself went forward. A hot flash passed through his belly, as he tramped towards his officer.

The Captain watched the rather heavy figure of the young soldier stumble forward, and his veins, too, ran hot. This was to be another man to man encounter. He yielded before the solid, stumbling figure with bent head. The orderly stooped and put the food on a level-sawn tree-base. The Captain watched the glistening, sun-inflamed, naked hands. He wanted to speak to the young soldier, but could not. The servant propped a bottle against his thigh, pressed open the cork, and poured out the beer into the mug. He kept his head bent. The Captain accepted the mug.

"Hot!" he said, as if amiably.

The flame sprang out of the orderly's heart, nearly suffocating him.

"Yes, Sir," he replied, between shut teeth.

And he heard the sound of the Captain's drinking, and he clenched his fists, such a strong torment came into his wrists. Then came the faint clang of the closing of the pot-lid. He looked up. The Captain was watching him. He glanced swiftly away. Then he saw the officer stoop and take a piece of bread from the tree-base. Again the flash of flame went through the young soldier, seeing the proud body stoop beneath him, and his hands jerked. He looked away. He could feel the officer was nervous. The bread fell as it was being broken. The officer ate the other piece. The two men stood tense and still, the master laboriously chewing his bread, the servant staring with averted face, his fists clenched.

Then the young soldier started. The officer had pressed open the lid of the pot again. The orderly watched the lid of the mug, and the white hand that clenched the handle, as if he were fascinated. It was raised. The youth followed it with his eyes. And then he

saw the thin, strong throat of the elder man moving up and down as he drank, the strong jaw working. And the instinct which had been jerking at the young man's wrists suddenly jerked free. He jumped, feeling as if he were rent in two by a strong flame. He had lost his normal consciousness.

The spur of the officer caught in a tree-root, he went down backwards with a crash, the middle of his back thudding sickeningly against a sharp-edged tree-base, the pot flying away. And in a second his orderly, with serious, earnest young face, and underlip between his teeth, had got his knee in his chest and was pressing the chin backward over the farther edge of the tree stump, pressing, with all his heart behind in a passion of relief, the tension of his wrists exquisite with relief. And with the base of his palms he shoved at the chin, with all his might. And it was pleasant, too, to have that chin, that hard jaw already slightly rough with beard, in his hands. He did not relax one hair's breadth, but, all the force of all his blood exulting in his thrust, he shoved back the head of the other man, till there was a little "cluck" and a crunching sensation. Then he felt as if his head went to vapour. Heavy convulsions shook the body of the officer, frightening and horrifying the young soldier. Yet it pleased him, too, to repress them. It pleased him to keep his hands pressing back the chin, to feel the chest of the other man yield in expiration to the weight of his strong, young knees, to feel the hard twitchings of the prostrate body jerking his own whole frame, which was pressed down on it.

But it went still. He could look into the nostrils of the other man, the eyes he could scarcely see. How curiously the mouth was pushed out, exaggerating the full lips, and the moustache bristling up from them. Then, with a start, he noticed the nostrils gradually filled with blood. The red brimmed, hesitated, ran over, and went in a thin trickle down the face to the eyes.

It shocked and distressed him. Slowly, he got up. The body twitched and sprawled there, inert. He stood and looked at it in silence. It was a pity *it* was broken. It represented more than the thing which had kicked and bullied him. He was afraid to look at the eyes. They were hideous now, only the whites showing, and the blood

running to them. The face of the orderly was drawn with horror at the sight. Well, it was so. In his heart he was satisfied. He had hated the face of the Captain, It was extinguished now. There was a heavy relief in the orderly's soul. That was as it should be. But he could not bear to see the long, military body lying broken over the tree-base, the fine fingers crisped. He wanted to hide it away.

Quickly, busily, he gathered it up and laid it under the felled tree trunks, which rested their beautiful, smooth length either end on logs. The face was horrible with blood. He covered it with the helmet. Then he put the limbs straight and decent, and brushed the dead leaves off the fine cloth of the uniform. So, it lay quite still in the shadow under there. A little strip of sunshine ran along the breast, from a chink between the logs. The orderly sat by it for a few moments. Here his own life also ended.

Then, through his daze, he heard the lieutenant, in a loud voice, explaining to the men outside the wood, that they were to suppose the bridge on the river below was held by the enemy. Now they were to march to the attack in such and such a manner. The lieutenant had no gift of expression. The orderly, listening from habit, got muddled. And when the lieutenant began it all again, he ceased to hear.

He knew he must go. He stood up. It surprised him that the leaves were glittering in the sun, and the chips of wood reflecting white from the ground. For him a change had come over the world. But for the rest it had not—all the world seemed the same. Only he had left it. And he could not go back. It was his duty to return with the beer-pot and the bottle. He could not. He had left all that. The lieutenant was still hoarsely explaining. He must go, or they would overtake him. And he could not bear contact with anyone now.

He drew his fingers over his eyes, trying to find out where he was. Then he turned away. He saw the horse standing in the path. He went up to it and mounted. It hurt him to sit in the saddle. The pain of keeping his seat occupied him as they cantered through the wood. He would not have minded anything, but he could not get

away from the sense of being cut off from the others. The path led out of the trees. On the edge of the wood he pulled up and stood watching. There in the spacious sunshine of the valley soldiers were moving in a little swarm. Every now and then, a man harrowing on a strip of fallow shouted to his oxen, at the turn. The village and the white-towered church was small in the sunshine. And he no longer belonged to it—he sat there, beyond, like a man outside in the dark. He had gone out from every-day life into the unknown, and he could not, he even did not want to go back.

Turning from the sun-blazing valley, he rode deep into the wood. Tree-trunks, like people standing grey and still, took no notice as he went. A doe, herself a moving bit of sunshine and shadow, went running through the flecked shade. There were bright green rents in the foliage. Then it was all pinewood, dark and cool. And he was sick with pain, he had an intolerable great pulse in his head, and he was sick. He had never been ill in his life. He felt lost, quite dazed with all this.

Trying to get down from the horse, he fell, astonished at the pain and his lack of balance. The horse shifted uneasily. He jerked its bridle and sent it cantering jerkily away. It was his last connection with the rest of things.

But he only wanted to lie down and not be disturbed. Stumbling through the trees, he came on a quiet place where beeches and pine trees grew on a slope. Immediately he had lain down and closed his eyes, his consciousness went racing on without him. A big pulse of sickness beat in him as if it throbbed through the whole earth. He was burning with dry heat. But he was too busy, too tearingly active in the incoherent race of delirium to observe.

III.

He came to with a start. His mouth was dry and hard, his heart beat heavily, but he had not the energy to get up. His heart beat heavily. Where was he?—the barracks—at home? There was something knocking. And, making an effort, he looked round—trees, and litter of greenery, and reddish, bright. still pieces of sunshine on

the floor. He did not believe he was himself, he did not believe what he saw. Something was knocking. He made a struggle towards consciousness, but relapsed. Then he struggled again. And gradually his surroundings fell into relationship with himself. He knew, and a great pang of fear went through his heart. Somebody was knocking. He could see the heavy, black rags of a fir-tree overhead. Then everything went black. Yet he did not believe he had closed his eyes. He had not. Out of the blackness sight slowly emerged again. And someone was knocking. Quickly, he saw the blood-disfigured face of his Captain, which he hated. And he held himself still with horror. Yet, deep inside him, he knew that it was so, the Captain should be dead. But the physical delirium got hold of him. Someone was knocking. He lay perfectly still, as if dead, with fear. And he went unconscious.

When he opened his eyes again, he started, seeing something creeping swiftly up a tree-trunk. It was a little bird. And a bird was whistling overhead. Tap-tap-tap —it was the small, quick bird rapping the tree-trunk with its beak, as if its head were a little round hammer. He watched it curiously. It shifted sharply, in its creeping fashion. Then, like a mouse, it slid down the bare trunk. Its swift creeping sent a flash of revulsion through him. He raised his head. It felt a great weight. Then, the little bird ran out of the shadow across a still patch of sunshine, its little head bobbing swiftly, its white legs twinkling brightly for a moment. How neat it was, in its build, so compact, with pieces of white on its wings. There were several of them. They were so pretty—but they crept like swift, erratic mice, running here and there among the beech-mast.

He lay down again, exhausted, and his consciousness lapsed. He had a horror of the little creeping birds. All his blood seemed to be darting and creeping.

Struggling to his feet, he lurched away. He went on walking, walking, looking for something—for a drink. His brain felt hot and inflamed for want of water. He stumbled on. Then he did not know anything. He went unconscious as he walked. Yet he stumbled on, his mouth open.

When, to his dumb wonder, he opened his eyes on the

world again, he no longer tried to remember what it was. There was thick, golden light behind golden-green glitterings, and tall, grey-purple shafts, and darknesses further off, surrounding him, growing deeper. He was conscious of a sense of arrival. He was amid the truth. But there was the thirst burning a hole in his brain. He felt lighter, not so heavy. He supposed it was newness. The air was muttering with thunder. He thought he was walking wonderfully swiftly and was coming straight to relief—or to water to drink.

Suddenly he stood still with fear. There was a tremendous flare of deep gold, immense—just a few dark trunks like bars between him and it. All the young level wheat was burnished, gold glaring on its silky green. A woman, full-skirted, a black cloth on her head for headdress, was passing like a block of shadow through the glistening, green corn, into the full glare. There was a farm, too, pale blue in shadow, and the timber black. And there was a church-spire, nearly fused away in the gold. The woman moved on, away from him. He had no language with which to speak to her. His connection with her was gone. She would make a noise of words that would confuse him, and her eyes would look at him without seeing him. She was crossing there to the other side. He stood leaning against a tree.

When at last he turned, looking down the long, bare groove whose flat bed was already filling dark, he saw the mountains in a wonder-light, not far away, and radiant. Behind the soft, grey ridge of the nearest range the further mountains stood golden and pale grey, the snow all radiant like pure, soft gold. So still, gleaming in the sky, fashioned pure out of the ore of the sky, they shone in their silence. He stood and looked at them, his face illuminated. And like the golden, lustrous gleaming of the snow he felt his own thirst bright in him. He stood and gazed, leaning against a tree. And then everything slid away into space.

During the night the lightning fluttered perpetually, making the whole sky white. He must have walked again. The world hung livid round him for moments, fields a level sheen of grey-green light, trees in dark bulk, and the range of clouds black across a white sky. Then the dark-

ness fell like a shutter, and the night was whole. A faint flutter of a half-revealed world, that could not quite leap out of the darkness!—Then there again stood a sweep of pallor for the land, dark shapes looming, a range of clouds hanging overhead. The world was a ghostly shadow, thrown for a moment upon the pure darkness, which returned ever whole and complete.

And the mere delirium of sickness and fever went on inside him—his brain opening and shutting like the night—then sometimes convulsions of terror from something with great eyes that stared round a tree—then the long agony of the march, and the sun decomposing his blood—then the pang of hate for the Captain, followed by the pang of tenderness and ease. But everything was distorted, born of an ache and resolving into an ache.

In the morning he came definitely awake. Then his brain flamed with the sole horror of thirstiness! The sun was on his face, the dew was steaming from his wet clothes. Like one possessed, he got up. There, straight in front of him, blue and cool and tender, the mountains ranged across the pale edge of the morning sky. He wanted them—he wanted them alone—he wanted to leave himself, to be identified with them. They did not move, they were still and soft, with white, gentle markings of snow. He stood still, mad with suffering, his hands crisping and clutching. Then he was twisting in a paroxysm on the grass.

He lay still, in a kind of dream of anguish. His thirst seemed to have separated itself from him, and to stand apart, a single demand. Then the pain he felt was another single self. Then there was the clog of his body, another separate thing. He was divided among all kinds of separate beings. There was some strange, agonised connection between them, but they were drawing further apart. Then they would all split. The sun, drilling down on him, was drilling through the bond. Then they would all fall, fall through the everlasting lapse of space.

Then again, his consciousness reasserted itself. He roused on to his elbow and stared at the gleaming mountains. There they ranked, all still and wonderful between earth and heaven. He stared till his eyes went black, and the mountains, as they stood in their beauty, so clean and cool, seemed to have it, that which was lost in him.

IV.

When the soldiers found him, three hours later, he was lying with his face over his arm, his black hair giving off heat under the sun. But he was still alive. Seeing the open, black mouth the young soldiers started from him in horror.

He died in the hospital at night without having seen again.

The doctors saw the bruises on his legs, behind, and were silent. On this account the affair was hushed up.

The bodies of the two men lay together, side by side, in the mortuary, the one white and slender, but laid rigidly at rest, the other looking as if every moment it must rouse into life again, so young and unused, from a slumber.

Southern Saintliness*

By Norman Douglas

SOUTHERN saints, like their worshippers, put on new faces and vestments in the course of ages. Old ones die away; new ones take their place. Several hundred of the older class of saint have clean faded from the popular memory and are now so forgotten that the wisest priest can tell you nothing about them save, perhaps, that "he's in the church"—meaning, that some fragment of his holy anatomy survives as a relic amid a collection of similar antiques. But you can find their histories in early literature, and their names linger on old maps where they are given to promontories and other natural features which are gradually being re-christened.

Such saints were chiefly non-Italian: Byzantines or Africans who, by miraculous intervention, protected the village or district of which they were patrons from the manifold scourges of mediævalism; they took the place of the classic tutelar deities. They were men; they could fight; and, in those troublous times, that is exactly what saints were made for.

With the softening of manners a new element appears. Male saints lost their chief *raison d'être*, and these virile creatures were superseded by pacific women. So, to give only one instance, Saint Rosalia in Palermo displaced the former protector, Saint Mark. Her sacred bones were miraculously discovered in a cave; and have since been identified as those of a goat. But it was not till the twelfth century that the cult of female saints began to assume imposing dimensions.

Of the Madonna no mention occurs in the songs of Bishop Paulinus (fourth century): no monument exists in the Neapolitan catacombs. Thereafter, her cult begins to dominate.

* This and the articles which appeared in THE ENGLISH REVIEW for July, 1913, for February and March, 1914, are extracted from Mr. Douglas's forthcoming book, "Old Calabria" (Martin Secker).

She supplied the natives with what orthodox Christianity did not give them, but which they had possessed from early times—a female element in religion. Those Greek settlers had their nymphs, their Venus, and so forth; the Mother of God absorbed and continued their functions. There is, indeed, only one of these female pagan divinities whose *rôle* she has not endeavoured to usurp—Athene. Herein she reflects the minds of her creators, the priests and common people, whose ideal woman contents herself with the duties of motherhood. I doubt whether an Athene-Madonna, an intellectual goddess, could ever have been evolved; their attitude towards gods in general is too childlike and positive.

For the same reason the adult Jesus—the teacher, the God—is relatively unknown; he is too remote from themselves and the ordinary activities of their daily lives; he is not married, like his mother: he has no trade, like his father (Mark calls him a carpenter); moreover, the maxims of the Sermon on the Mount are so repugnant to the south Italian as to be almost incomprehensible. In effigy, this period of Christ's life is portrayed most frequently in the primitive monuments of the catacombs, erected when tradition was purer. Three tangibly human aspects of Christ's life figure here: the *bambino*-cult, which not only appeals to the people's love of babyhood, but also carries on the old traditions of the Lar Familiaris and of Horus; next, the youthful Jesus, beloved of local female mystics; and, lastly, the Crucified—that grim and gloomy image of suffering which was imported, or at least furiously fostered, by the Spaniards.

The engulfing of the saints by the Mother of God is due also to political reasons. The Vatican, once centralised in its policy, began to be disquieted by the persistent survival of Byzantinism (Greek cults and language lingered up to the twelfth century); with the Tacitean *odium fratrum* she exercised more severity towards the sister-faith than towards actual paganism.* The Madonna was a fit instrument for sweeping away the particularist

* Greek and Egyptian cenobites were established in South Italy by the fourth century. But paganism was still flourishing, locally, in the sixth. There is some evidence that Christians used to take part in pagan festivals.

tendencies of the past; she attacked relic-worship and other outworn superstitions; like a benignant whirlwind she careered over the land, and these now enigmatical shapes and customs fell faster than leaves of Vallombrosa. No sanctuary or cave so remote that she did not endeavour to expel its male saint—its old presiding genius, whether Byzantine or Roman. But saints have tough lives and do not yield without a struggle; they fought for their time-honoured privileges like the "daemons" they were, and sometimes came off victorious. Those sanctuaries that proved too strong to be taken by storm were sapped by an artful and determined siege. The combat goes on to this day. This is what is happening to the thrice-deposed and still triumphant Saint Januarius, who is hard pressed by sheer force of numbers. Like those phagocytes which congregate from all sides to assail some weakened cell in the body physical, even so Madonna-cults—in frenzied competition with each other—cluster thickest round some imperilled venerable of ancient lineage, bent on his destruction. The Madonna dell' Arco, del Soccorso, and at least fifty others (not forgetting the newly invented Madonna di Pompei)—they have all established themselves in the particular domain of St. Januarius; they are all undermining his reputation and claiming to possess his special gifts.*

Early monastic movements of the Roman church also played their part in obliterating old religious landmarks. Settling down in some remote place with the Madonna as their leader, or as their "second Mother," these companies of holy men soon acquired such temporal and spiritual influence as enabled them to oppose their divinity successfully to the local saint, whose once bright glories began to pale before her effulgence. Their labours in favour of the Mother of God were part of that work of consolidating Papal power which was afterwards carried on by the Jesuits.

Perhaps what chiefly accounts for the spread of Madonna-worship is the human craving for novelty. You can invent most easily where no fixed legends are

* He is known to have quelled an outbreak of Vesuvius in the fifth century, though his earliest church, I believe, only dates from the ninth. His blood, famous for liquefaction, is not mentioned till 1337.

established. Now the saints have fixed legendary attributes and histories, and as culture advances, it becomes increasingly difficult to manufacture new saints with fresh and original characters and yet passable pedigrees (the experiment is tried, now and again); while the old saints have been exploited and are now inefficient—worn out, like old toys. Madonna, on the other hand, can subdivide with the ease of an amoeba and yet never lose her identity or credibility; moreover, thanks to her divine character, anything can be accredited to her—anything good, however wonderful; lastly, the traditions concerning her are so conveniently vague that they actually foster the mythopoetic faculty. Hence her success. Again: the man-saints were separatists; they fought for their own towns against African intruders and in those frequent and bloody inter-communal battles which are a feature of Italian mediævalism. Nowadays, it is hardly proper that neighbouring townsmen, aided and abetted by their respective saints, should sally forth to cut each others' throats. The Madonna, as cosmopolitan Niké, is a fitter patroness for settled society.

She also found a ready welcome in consequence of the pastoral institutions of the country in which the mother plays such a conspicuous *rôle*. So deeply are they ingrained here that if the Mother of God had not existed the group would have been deemed incomplete; a family without a mother is to them like a tree without roots—a thing which cannot be. This accounts for the fact that their Trinity is not ours; it consists of the Mother, the Father (Saint Joseph), and the Child—with Saint Anne looming in the background (the grandmother is an important personage in the patriarchal family). The Creator of all things and the Holy Ghost have evaporated: they are too intangible and non-human.

But she never became a true cosmopolitan Niké, save in literature. The decentralising spirit of south Italy was too strong for her. She had to conform to the old custom of geographical specialisation. In all save in name she doffed her essential character of Mother of God and became a local demi-god; an accessible and human wonder-worker attached to some district. An inhabitant of village A would stand a poor chance of his prayers being heard

by the Madonna of village B: if you have a head-ache, it is no use applying to the *Madonna of the Hens*, who deals with diseases of women; you will find yourself in a pretty fix if you expect financial assistance from the Madonna of village C: she is a weather specialist. In short, these hundreds of Madonnas have taken up the qualities of the saints they supplanted.

They can often outdo them; and this is yet another reason for their success. It is a well-ascertained fact, for example, that many holy men have been nourished by the Milk of the Mother of God, "not," as a Catholic writer says, "in a mystic or spiritual sense, but with their actual lips"; Saint Bernard "among a hundred, a thousand, others." Nor is this all, for in the year 1690, a painted image of the Madonna, not far from the city of Carinola, was observed to "diffuse abundant milk" for the edification of a great concourse of spectators—a miracle which was recognised as such by the bishop of that diocese, Monsignor Paolo Ayrola, who wrote a report on the subject. Some more of this authentic milk is kept in a bottle in the convent of Mater Domini on Vesuvius, and the chronicle of that establishment, printed in 1834, says:—

"Since Mary is the Mother and Co-redeemer of the church, may she not have left some drops of her precious milk as a gift to this church, even as we still possess some of the blood of Christ? In various churches there exists some of this milk, by means of which many graces and benefits are obtained. We find such relics, for example, in the church of Saint Luigi in Naples, namely, two bottles full of the milk of the Blessed Virgin: and this milk becomes fluid on feast-days of the Madonna, as everybody can see. Also in this convent of Mater Domini the milk sometimes liquefies." During eruptions of Vesuvius this bottle is carried abroad in procession, and always dispels the danger. Saint Januarius must indeed look to his laurels. Meanwhile, it is interesting to observe that the Mother of God has condescended to employ the method of holy relics which she once combated so strenuously, her milk competing with the blood of Saint John, the fat of Saint Laurence, and those other physiological curios which are still preserved for the edification of believers.

All of which would pass if a subtle poison had not

been creeping in to taint religious institutions. Taken by themselves, these infantile observances do not necessarily harm family life, the support of the state; for a man can believe a considerable deal of nonsense, and yet go about his daily work in a natural and cheerful manner. But when the body is despised and tormented the mind loses its equilibrium, and when that happens, nonsense may assume a sinister shape. We have seen it in England where, during the brief ascetic movement of puritanism, more witches were burnt than in the whole period before and after (Lecky).

The virus of asceticism entered south Italy from three principal sources. From early ages the country had stood in commercial relations with the valley of the Nile; and even as its black magic is largely tinged with Egyptian practices, so its magic of the white kind—its saintly legends—bear the impress of the self-macerations and perverted life-theories of those desert-lunatics who called themselves Christians.* But this Orientalism fell at first upon unfruitful soil; the Vatican was yet wavering, and Hellenic notions of conduct still survived. It received a further rebuff at the hands of men like Benedict, who set up sounder ideals of holiness, introducing a gleam of sanity even into that insanest of institutions—the herding together of idle men to the glory of God.

But things became more centralised as the Papacy gained ground. The strong Christian, the independent ruler or warrior or builder-saint, was tolerated only if he conformed to its precepts; and the inauspicious rise of subservient ascetic orders like the Franciscans and Dominicans, who quickly invaded the fair regions of the south, gave an evil tone to their Christianity. Rags and beggary were raised to a bad eminence.

There has always been a contrary tendency at work: the Ionic spirit, heritage of the past. Monkish ideals of chastity and poverty have never appealed to the hearts of

* These ascetics were here before Christianity (see Philo Judeaus); in fact, there is not a single element in the new faith which had not been independently developed by the pagans, many of whom, like Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurellus, were ripe for the most abject self-abasement.

people, priests, or prelates of the south; they will endure much fondness in their religion, but not those phenomena of cruelty and pruriency which are inseparably connected with asceticism; their notions have ever been akin to those of the sage Xenocrates, who held that "happiness consists not only in the possession of human virtues, but *in the accomplishment of natural acts*." Among the latter they include the acquisition of wealth and the satisfaction of carnal needs. At this time, too, the old Hellenic curiosity was not wholly dimmed; they took an intelligent interest in imported creeds like that of Luther which, if not convincing, at least satisfied their desire for novelty. Theirs was exactly the attitude of the Athenians towards Paul's "New God"; and protestantism might have spread far in the south, had it not been ferociously repressed.

But after the brilliant humanistic period of the Aragons there follows the third and fiercest reaction—that of the Spanish Viceroys, whose misrule struck at every one of the roots of national prosperity. It is that "seicentismo" which a modern writer (A. Niceforo, L'Italia barbara, 1898) has recognised as the blight, the evil genius, of south Italy. The Ionic spirit did not help the people much at this time. The greatest of these Viceroys, Don Pietro di Toledo, hanged 18,000 of them in eight years and then confessed, with a sigh, that "he did not know what more he could do." What more *could* he do? As a pious Spaniard he was incapable of understanding that quarterings and breakings on the rack were of less avail than the education of the populace in certain secular notions of good conduct—notions which it was the business of his church not to teach. Reading through the legislation of the viceregal period, one is astonished to find how little was done for the common people, who lived like the veriest beasts of earth. Their civil rulers—scholars and gentlemen, most of them—really believed that the example of half a million illiterate and vicious monks was all the education they needed. And yet one notes with surprise that the government was perpetually at loggerheads with the ecclesiastical authorities. True; but it is wonderful with what intuitive alacrity they joined forces when it was a question of repelling their common antagonist: enlightenment.

From this rank soil there sprang up an exotic efflorescence of holiness. If south Italy swarmed with sinners, as the experiences of Don Pietro seemed to show, it also swarmed with saints. And hardly one of them escaped the influence of the period, the love of futile ornamentation. Their piety is overloaded with embellishing touches and needless excrescences of virtue. It was the baroque period of saintliness, as of architecture.

I have already given some account of one of them, the Flying Monk,* and have perused the biographies of at least fifty others. One cannot help observing a great uniformity in their lives—a kind of family resemblance. This parallelism is due to the simple reason that there is only one right for a thousand wrongs. One may well look in vain, here, for those many-tinted perversions and aberrations which disfigure the histories of average mankind. These saints are all alike—monotonously alike, if one cares to say so—in their chastity and other official virtues. But a little acquaintance with the subject will soon show you that, so far as the range of their particular Christianity allowed of it, there is a praiseworthy and even astonishing diversity among them. Nearly all of them could fly, more or less; nearly all of them could cure diseases and cause the clouds to rain; nearly all of them were illiterate; and every one of them died in the odour of sanctity—with roseate complexion, sweetly smelling corpse, and flexible limbs. Yet each one has his particular gifts, his strong point. Joseph of Copertino specialised in flying; others were conspicuous for their heroism in sitting in hot baths, devouring ordure, tormenting themselves with pins, and so forth.

Here, for instance, is a good representative biography —the life of Saint Giangiuseppe della Croce (born 1654), reprinted for the occasion of his solemn sanctification.†

He resembled other saints in many points. He never allowed the "vermin which generated in his bed" to be disturbed; he wore the same clothes for sixty-four years on end; with women his behaviour was that of an "animated

* "A Pioneer of Aviation," ENGLISH REVIEW, July, 1913.

† Vita di S. Giangiuseppe della Croce . . . Scritta dal P. Fr. Diodato dell' Assunta per la Beatificazione ed ora ristampata dal postulatore della causa P. Fr. Giuseppe Rostoll in occasione della solenne Santificazione, Roma, 1839.

statue," and during his long life he never looked anyone in the face (even his brother-monks were known to him only by their voices); he could raise the dead, relieve a duchess of a devil in the shape of a black dog, change chestnuts into apricots and bad wine into good; his flesh was encrusted with sores, the result of his fierce scarifications; he was always half-starved, and when delicate viands were brought to him, he used to say to his body: "Have you seen them? Have you smelt them? Then let that suffice for you."

He, too, could fly a little. So once, when he was nowhere to be found, the monks of the convent at last discovered him in the church "raised so high above the ground that his head touched the ceiling." This is not a bad performance for a mere lad, as he then was. And how useful this gift became in old age was seen when, being almost incapable of moving his legs, and with body half paralysed, he was nevertheless enabled to accompany a procession for the length of two miles on foot: walking, to the stupefaction of thousands of spectators, at about a cubit's height above the street, on air; after the fashion of those Hindu gods whose feet—so the pagans fable—are too pure to touch mortal earth.

His love of poverty, moreover, was so intense that even after his death a picture of him, which his relatives had tried to attach to the wall in loving remembrance, repeatedly fell down again, although nailed very securely; nor did it remain fixed until they realised that its costly gilt frame was objectionable to the saint in Heaven, and accordingly removed it. No wonder the infant Jesus was pleased to descend from the breast of Mary and take rest for several hours in the arms of Saint Giangiuseppe, who, on being disturbed by some priestly visitor, exclaimed: "O, how I have enjoyed holding the Holy Babe in my arms!" This is an old and favourite *motif*; it occurs, for example, in the Fioretti of Saint Francis; there are precedents, in fact, for all these divine favours.

But his distinguishing feature, his "dominating gift," was that of prophecy; especially in foretelling the deaths of children, "which he almost always accompanied with jocular words (*scherzi*) on his lips." He would enter a house and genially remark: "O, what an odour of Para-

dise"—sooner or later, one or more of the children of the family would perish. To a boy of twelve he said: "Be good, Natale, for the angels are coming to take you." These playful words seemed to have weighed considerably on the boy's mind and, sure enough, after a few years he died. But even more charming—*più grazioso*, the biographer calls it—was the incident when he once asked a father whether he would give his son to Saint Pasquale. The fond parent agreed, thinking that the words referred to the boy's future career in the church. But the saint meant something quite different—he meant a career in Heaven! And in less than a month the child died. To a little girl who was crying in the street he said: "I don't want to hear you any more. Go and sing in Paradise." And meeting her a short time after, he said: "What, are you still here?" In a few days she was dead.

The biography gives many instances of this pretty gift which would hardly have contributed to the saint's popularity in England or any other country save this, where—although the surviving youngsters are described as "struck with terror at the mere name of the Servant of God"—the parents were naturally glad to have one or two angels in the family, to act as *avvocati* (pleaders) for those that remained on earth. But in wonder-working capacities this saint was put in the shade by many others; by the Calabrian Francesco di Paola, for instance, who raised fifteen persons from the dead in his boyhood. He used to perform a hundred miracles a day, and "it was a miracle, when a day passed without a miracle." The index alone of any one of his numerous biographies is enough to make one's head swim.

The vast majority of saints of this period do not belong to that variety after which, according to some, the human race has ever striven—the constructive and purposeful third sex. They are wholly sexless, unsocial and futile beings, the negation of every masculine or feminine virtue. Their independence fettered by the iron rules of the Vatican and of their particular order, these creatures had *nothing to do*; and like the rest of us under such conditions, became vacuously introspective. Those honourable saintly combats of the past with external enemies and

plagues and stormy seasons were transplanted from without into the microcosm within, taking the shape of hallucinations and demon-temptations. They were no longer actors, but sufferers; automata, who attained a degree of inanity which would have made their old Byzantine prototypes burst with envy.

Yet they vary in their gifts; each one, as I have said, has his or her strong point. Why? The reason of this diversity lies in the furious competition between the various monastic orders of the time—in those unedifying squabbles which led to never-ending litigation and complaints to headquarters in Rome. Every one of these saints, from the first dawning of his divine talents, was surrounded by an atmosphere of jealous hatred on the part of his co-religionists. If one order came out with a flying wonder, another, in frantic emulation, would introduce some new speciality to eclipse his fame—something in the fasting line, it may be; or a female mystic, whose palpitating letters to Jesus Christ would melt all readers to pity. The Franciscans, for instance, dissected the body of a certain holy Margaret and discovered in her heart the symbols of the Trinity and of the Passion. This bold and original idea would have gained them much credit, but for the rival Dominicans, who promptly discovered, and dissected, another saintly Margaret, whose heart contained three stones, on which were engraven portraits of the Virgin Mary. So they ceaselessly unearthed fresh saints with a view to disparaging each other—all of them waiting for a favourable moment when the Vatican could be successfully approached to consider their particular claims. For it stands to reason that a Carmelite Pope would prefer a Carmelite saint to one of the Jesuits; and so forth.

And over all throned the Inquisition in Rome, alert, ever-suspicious; testing the "irregularities" of the various orders and harassing their respective saints with a fine impartiality.

During this period the Mother of God, as a local saint, increased in popularity. There was a ceaseless flow of monographs dealing with particular Madonnas, as well as a small library on what the Germans would doubtless call the "Madonna as a whole." Here is Montorio's "Zodiaco di Maria," printed in 1715 on the lines of the

"Atlas Marianus" of Scherer or that other monster of a book by Gumppenberg. It treats of over two hundred subspecies of Madonna worshipped in different parts of south Italy, which is divided for that purpose into twelve regions, according to the signs of the Zodiac. The book is dedicated by the author to his "Sovereign Lady the *Gran Madre di Dio*," and might, in truth, have been written to the glory of that protean old Magna Mater by one of Juvenal's "tonsured herd," possessed of much industry but little discrimination.* Such as it is, it reflects the crude mental status of the Dominican order to which the author belonged. I warmly recommend this book to all Englishmen desirous of understanding the south. It is pure, undiluted paganism—paganism of a bad school; one would think it marked the lowest possible ebb of Christian spirituality. But this is by no means the case, as I shall presently show.

The unwholesome chastity-ideal, without which no holy man of the period was "complete," naturally left its mark upon literature, notably on that of certain Spanish theologians. But good specimens of what I mean may also be found in the "Theologia Moralis" of Saint Alfonso di Liguori: the kind of stuff, that is, which would be classed as "curious" in catalogues, and kept in a locked cupboard by the most broad-minded paterfamilias. Reading these elucubrations of Alfonso's, one feels that the saint has pondered long and lovingly upon themes like *an et quando peccata sint oscula* or *de tactu et adspectu corporis*; he writes with all the authority of an expert whose richly-varied experiences in the confessional have been amplified and irradiated by divine inspiration. I hesitate what to call this literature, seeing that it was obviously written to the glory of God and His Virgin Mother. The congregation of the Index, which was severe in the matter of indecent publications and prohibited Boccaccio's "Decameron" on these grounds, hailed with approval the appearance of such treatises composed, as they were, for the guidance of young priests.

Cruelty (in the shape of the Inquisition) and lasciviousness (as exemplified by such literature)—these are the

* The Mater Dei was officially installed in the place of Magna Mater at the Synod of Ephesus in 431.

prime fruits of that cult of asceticism which, for centuries, the government strove to impose upon south Italy. If the people were saved, it was due to that substratum of sanity, of Greek σωφροσύνη, which resisted the one and derided the other. Whoever has saturated himself with the records will marvel not so much that the inhabitants preserved some shreds of common sense and decent feeling as that they survived at all—he will marvel that the once fair kingdom was not converted into a wilderness, saintly but uninhabited, like Spain itself.

For the movement continued in a vertiginous crescendo. Spaniardism culminated in Bourbonism, and this, again, reached its climax in the closing years of the eighteenth century, when the conditions of south Italy baffled description. There were about twenty thousand homicides a year among a population of four millions, whose spiritual needs were consoled by the presence of no less than 120,000 holy persons—to wit, 22 arch-bishops, 116 bishops, 65,500 ordained priests, 31,800 monks, and 23,600 nuns. The number of saints was commensurate; but—as often happens when the quantity is excessive—the quality declined. This lazzaroni-period was truly the *débâcle* of holiness. So true it is that our gods reflect the hearts that make them.

The Venerable Fra Egidio, a native of Taranto, is a good example of contemporary godliness. My biography of him was printed in Naples in 1876,* and contains a dedicatory epistle addressed to the Blessed Virgin by her "servant, subject, and most loving son, Rorsario Frungillo"—a canon of the church and the author of the book.

This "taumaturgo" could perform all the ordinary feats; I will not linger over them. What has made him popular to this day are those wonders which appealed to the taste of the poorer people, such as, for example, that miracle of the eels. A fisherman had brought fourteen hundredweight of these for sale in the market. Judge of his disappointment when he discovered that they had all died during the journey (southerners will not pay for dead eels). Fortunately, he saw the saint arriving in a little boat, who informed him that the eels were "not dead, but

* Vita del Venerabile servo di Dio Fra Egidio da S. Giuseppe laico professo alcantarino, Napoli, 1876.

only asleep," and who woke them up again by means of a relic of Saint Pasquale which he always carried about with him, after a quarter of an hour's devout praying, during which the perspiration oozed from his forehead. The eels, says the writer, had been dead and slimy, but now turned their bellies downward once more and twisted about in their usual spirals; there began a general weeping among the onlookers, and the fame of the miracle immediately spread abroad. He could do the same with lobsters, cows, and human beings.

Thus, a cow belonging to Fra Egidio's monastery was once stolen by an impious butcher and cut up into the usual joints with a view to a clandestine sale of the meat. The saint discovered the beast's remains; ordered that they should be laid together on the floor in the shape of a living cow, with the entrails, head, and so forth, in their natural positions; then, having made the sign of the Cross with his cord upon the slaughtered beast and rousing up all his faith, he said: "In the name of God and of Saint Pasquale, arise, Catherine!" (Catherine was the cow's name). "At these words the animal lowed, shook itself, and stood up on its feet alive, whole and strong, even as it had been before it was killed."

In the case of one of the dead men whom he brought to life, the undertakers were already about their sad task; but Fra Egidio, viewing the corpse, remarked, in his usual manner, that the man was "not dead, but only asleep," and, after a few saintly manipulations, roused him from his slumber. The most portentous of his wonders, however, are those which he wrought after his own death by means of his relics and otherwise; they have been sworn to by many persons. Nor did his hand lose its old cunning, in these posthumous manifestations, with the finny tribe. A certain woman, Maria Scuotto, was enabled to resuscitate a number of dead eels by means of an image of the deceased saint which she cast among them.

Every one of the statements in this biography is drawn from the *processi* to which I will presently refer; there were 202 witnesses who deposed "under the rigour and sanctity of oath" to the truth of these miracles; and among those who were personally convinced of the Venerable's rare gifts was the Royal family of Naples, the arch-bishop

of that town, as well as innumerable dukes and princes. An embittered rationalist would note that the reading of Voltaire, at this period, was punished with three years' galley-slavery, and that several thousand citizens were hanged for expressing liberal opinions; he will suggest that belief in the supernatural, rejected by the thinking classes, finds an abiding shelter among royalty and the proletariat.

It occurs to me, *à propos* of Fra Egidio, to make the obvious statement that an account of an occurrence is not necessarily true, because it happened long ago; credibility does not improve, like violins and port wine, with lapse of years. This being the case, it will not be considered objectionable to say that there are certain deeds attributed to holy men of olden days which, to speak frankly, are open to doubt; or, at least, not susceptible of proof. Who were these men, if they ever existed; and who vouches for their prodigies? This makes me think that Pope Gelasius showed no small penetration in excluding, as early as the fifth century, some few *acta sanctorum* from the use of the churches; another step in the same direction was taken in the twelfth century when the power of canonising saints, which had hitherto been claimed by all bishops, became vested in the Pope alone; and yet another, when Urban VIII. forbade the nomination of local patron saints by popular vote. Pious legends are supposed to have their uses as an educative agency. So be it. But such relations of imperfectly ascertained and therefore questionable wonders suffer from one grave drawback: they tend to shake our faith in the evidence of well-authenticated ones. Thus Saint Patrick is also reported to have raised a cow from the dead—five cows, to be quite accurate; but who will come forward and vouch for the fact? No one. That is because Saint Patrick belongs to the legendary stage; he died, it is presumed, about 490.

Here, with Saint Egidio, we are on other ground: on the ground of bald actuality. He expired in 1812, and the contemporaries who have attested his miraculous deeds are not misty phantoms of the Thebais; they were creatures of flesh and blood; human, historical personages, who were dressed and nourished and educated after the fashion of

our own grandfathers. Yet it was meet and proper that the documentary evidence as to his divine graces should be conscientiously examined. And only in 1888 was the crowning work accomplished. In that year His Holiness Leo XIII. and the Sacred Congregation of Cardinals solemnly approved the evidence and inscribed the name of Egidio in the book of the Blessed.

But there is this difference between him and earlier saints that whereas they, all too often, suffered in solitude, misunderstood and rejected of men, he enjoyed the highest popularity during his whole long life. Wherever he went, his footsteps were pursued by crowds of admirers, eager to touch his wonder-working body or to cut off shreds of his clothing as amulets; hardly a day passed that he did not return home with garments so lacerated that only half of them was left; every evening they had to be patched up anew, although they were purposely stitched full of wires and small chains of iron as a protection. The same passionate sympathy continued after death, for while his body was lying in state, a certain Luigi Ascione, a surgeon, pushed through the crowd and endeavoured to cut off one of his toe-nails with the flesh attached to it; he admitted being driven to this act of pious depredation by the pleading request of the Spanish Ambassador and a Neapolitan princess, who held Fra Egidio in great veneration.

This is not an isolated instance. Southerners love their saints, and do not content themselves with chill verbal expressions of esteem. So the biographer of Saint Giangiuseppe records that "one of the deceased saint's toes was bitten off with most regrettable devotion by the teeth of a man in the crowd, who wished to preserve it as a relic. And the blood from the wound flowed so copiously and so freely that many pieces of cloth were saturated with it; nor did it cease to flow, till the precious corpse was interred." It is hard to picture such proofs of fervid popularity falling to the lot of English deans and bishops.

He was modern, too, in this sense, that he did not torment himself with penitences (decay of Spanish austerity); on the contrary, he even kept chocolate, honey, and suchlike delicacies in his cell. In short, he was an up-to-date saint, who despised mediæval practices and

lived in a manner befitting the age which gave him birth. In this respect he resembles our English men of holiness, who exercise a laudable self-denial in resisting the seductions of the ascetic life.

Meanwhile, the cult of the Mother of God continued to wax in favour, and those who are interested in this development should read the really remarkable book by Antonio Cuomo: *Saggio apologetico della bellezza celeste e divina di Maria S. S. Madre di Dio* (Castellamare, 1863). It is a diatribe against modernism by a champion of lost causes, an exacerbated lover of the "Singular Virgin and fecund Mother of the Verb." His argument, as I understand it, is the *consensus gentium* theory applied to the Virgin Mary. In defence of his thesis, the book has been made to bristle with quotations; they stand out like quills upon the fretful porcupine, ready to impale the adventurous sceptic. Pliny and Virgil and the Druids and Balaam's Ass are invoked as foretelling Her birth; the old testament—that venerable sufferer, as Huxley called it—is twisted into dire convulsions for the same purpose; much evidence is also drawn from Hebrew observances and from the Church Fathers. But the new testamentary record is seldom invoked; the Saviour, on the rare occasions when He is mentioned, being dismissed as "G. C." The volume ends with a pyrotechnical display of invective against non-catholic heretics; a medley of threats and abuse worthy of those breezy days of Erasmus, when theologians really said what they thought of each other. The frank polytheism of Montorio is more to my taste. This outpouring of papistical rhetoric gives me unwarrantable sensations—it makes me feel positively protestant.

Another sign of increasing popularity is that the sacred bacchanals connected with the "crowning" of various Madonnas were twice as numerous, in Naples, in the nineteenth as in the eighteenth century. Why an image of the Mother of God should be decked with this worldly symbol, as a reward for services rendered, will be obscure only to those who fail to appreciate the earthly-tangible complexion of southern religion. Puerility is its key-note. The Italian is either puerile or adult; the Englishman remains everlastingly adolescent. . . .

Now of course it is open to anyone to say that the pious records from which I have quoted are a desolation of the spirit; that they possess all the improbability of the Arabian Nights, and none of their charm; that all the distempered dreamings to which our poor humanity is subject have given themselves a rendezvous in their pages. I am not for disputing the point, and I can understand how one man may be saddened by their perusal, while another extracts therefrom some gleams of mirth. For my part, I merely verify this fact: the native has been fed with this stuff for centuries, and if we desire to enter into his feelings, we must feed ourselves likewise—up to a point. The past is the key to the present. That is why I have dwelt at such length on the subject—in the hope of clearing up the enigma in the national character: the unpassable gulf, I mean, between the believing and the unbelieving sections of the community.

At the town of Bagnara, for instance, is preserved an authentic relic, the Hat of the Mother of God; and an ordinary Englishman, witnessing a procession in honour of this Sacred Hat, might well be shocked at the degree of bigotry implied. "The hat of the Virgin Mary," he would say, "—what next?" Then, accosting some ordinary citizen not in the procession—any butcher or baker—he would receive a shock of another kind; he would be appalled at the man's language of contemptuous derision towards everything which he, the Anglo-Saxon, holds sacred in biblical tradition. There is not attempt, here, at "reconciliation." The classes calling themselves enlightened are making a clean sweep of the old gods in a fashion that bewilders us who have accustomed ourselves to see a providential design in everything that exists (possibly because our acquaintance with a providentially-designed Holy Office is limited to an obsolete statute, the cheerful *de haeretico comburendo*). The others, the fetichists, have remained on the spiritual level of their own saints. And there we stand to-day. That section so numerous in England, the pseudo-pagans, crypto-Christians, or whatever obscurantists like Messrs. A. J. Balfour and Mallock like to call themselves (the men who, with disastrous effects, transport into realms of pure intelligence the spirit of compromise which should be restricted to

practical concerns)—that section has no representatives hereabouts.

Fully to appreciate their attitude as opposed to ours, we must also remember that the south Italian does not trouble himself about the objective truth of any miracle whatever; his senses may be perverted, but his intelligence remains outside the sphere of infection. This is his saving grace. To the people here, the affair of Moses and the Burning Bush, the raising of Lazarus, and Egidio's cow-revival, are on the identical plane of authenticity; the Bible is one of a thousand saints' books; its stories may be as true as theirs, or just as untrue: in any case, what has that to do with its own worldly conduct? But the Englishman with ingenuous ardour thinks to believe in the Burning Bush wonder and in so far his intelligence is infected; with equal ardour he excludes the cow-performance from the range of possibility; and to him it matters considerably which of the miracles are true and which are false, seeing that his conduct is supposed to take colour from such supernatural events. Ultra-credulous as to one set of narratives, he has no credulity left for other sets; he concentrates his believing energies upon a small space, whereas the Italian's are diffused, thinly, over a wide area. It is the old story: Gothic intensity and Latin spaciousness. So the Gothic believer takes his big dose of irrationalism on one fixed day; the Latin, by attending Mass every morning, spreads it over the whole week. And the sombre strenuousness of our northern character expects a remuneration for this outlay of faith, while the other contents himself with such sensuous enjoyment as he can momentarily extract from his ceremonials. That is why our English religion has a *democratic* tinge distasteful to the Latin who, at bottom, is always a philosopher; democratic, because it relies for its success, like democratic politicians, upon promises—promises that may or may not be kept—promises that form no part (they are only an official appendage) of the childlike paganism of the south. . . .

Fifteen francs will buy you a reliable witness for a south Italian law-suit: you must pay a good deal more in England. Thence one might argue that the cult of credulity implied by these saintly biographies is responsible for this laxness, for the general disregard of veracity. I

doubt it. I am not inclined to blame the monkish saint-makers for this particular trait; I suspect that for fifteen francs you could have bought a first-class witness under Pericles. Southerners are not yet pressed for time; and when people are not pressed for time, they do not learn the time-saving value of honesty. Our respect for truth and fair dealing, such as it is, derives from modern commerce; in the Middle Ages nobody was concerned about honesty save a few trading Companies like the Hanseatic League, and the poor mediæval devil (the only gentleman of his age) who was generally pressed for time and could be relied upon to keep his word. Even God, of whom they talked so much, was systematically swindled. Where time counts for nothing, expeditious practices between man and man are a drug in the market. Besides, it must be noted that this churchly misteaching was only a fraction of that general shattering which has disintegrated all the finer fibres of public life. It stands to reason that the fragile tissues of culture are dislocated, and its delicate edges defaced, by such persistive governmental brutalisation as the inhabitants have undergone. None but the grossest elements in a people can withstand enduring misrule; none but a mendacious and servile nature will survive its wear and tear. So it comes about that up to a few years ago the nobler qualities which we associate with those old Hellenic colonists—their intellectual curiosity, their candid outlook upon life, their passionate sense of beauty, their love of nature—all these things have been abraded; leaving, as residue, nothing save what the Greeks shared with ruder races. There are indications that this state of affairs is now ending.

The position is this. The records show that the common people never took their saints to heart in the northern fashion—as moral exemplars; from beginning to end, they have only utilised them as a pretext for fun and festivals, a means of brightening the catacombic, the essentially sunless, character of Christianity. So much for the popular saints, the patrons and heroes. The others, the ecclesiastical ones, are an artificial product of monkish institutions. These monkeries were established in the land by virtue of civil authority. Their continued existence, however, was contingent upon the goodwill of the Vatican.

One of the surest and cheapest methods of obtaining this goodwill was to produce a satisfactory crop of saints whose beatification swelled the Vatican treasury with the millions collected from a deluded populace for that end. The monks paid nothing; they only furnished the saint and, in due course, the people's money. Can we wonder that they discovered saints galore? Can we wonder that the Popes were gratified by their pious zeal?

So things went on till yesterday. But now a large proportion of the ten thousand (?) churches and monasteries of Naples are closed or actually in ruins; wayside sanctuaries crumble to dust in picturesque fashion; the price of holy books has fallen to zero, and the godly brethren have emigrated to establish their saint-manufactories elsewhere. Not without hopes of success; for they will find purchasers of their wares wherever mankind can be interested in that queer disrespect of the body which is taught by the metaphysical ascetics of the East.

It was Lewes, I believe, who compared metaphysics to ghosts by saying that there was no killing either of them; one could only dissipate them by throwing light into the dark places they love to inhabit—to show that nothing is there. Spectres, likewise, are these saintly caricatures of humanity; perambulating metaphysics, the application *in corpore vili* of Oriental fakirism. Nightmare-literature is the crazy recital of their deeds and sufferings. Pathological phantoms! The state of mind which engenders and cherishes such illusions is a disease; and it has been well said that "you cannot refute a disease." You cannot nail ghosts to the counter. But a ray of light. . . .

Feet of Clay

By Kenelm Foss

It was at the beginning of the summer term that Read II. and I were moved up into the Shell, and had Mr. Melstock (better known to the chaps as "Meller") for form-master. Everyone who had been in his form before, and everyone, for that matter, in Cottle's, where he was under house-master, told us we should find him a Tartar—worse than Old Man Cottle himself. Which was saying a lot, because even the School Pres were afraid of Old Man Cottle. And, sure enough, the very first morning I went to him he sent me back to the house to change my collar, just because I'd got it a bit rumpled in giving a little beast called Belstead what-for because he'd said my father was a parson. So I got into two rows that morning, for the matron ragged me as well.

And as if that wasn't enough, I had to show him my hands and collar first thing after chapel every morning for a week, which I shouldn't have minded, of course, if chaps like Belstead hadn't tried to be funny about it afterwards. As I said to Read II. at the time, it's easy enough to talk if you're a chap like Meller, with brown skin, and clipped hair and moustache like a soldier, and the sort of blue suit that always looks spick and span; but you jolly well ought to make allowances for other chaps whose hair simply will not lie down however much it's brushed or watered. However, I found him improve a bit on acquaintance. He wouldn't stand any nonsense, and it was twice as difficult to crib in his class-room as in anybody else's, but he used to do spiffing drawings on the blackboard, and made some of the work very nearly interesting by showing us what shape the Roman catapults were, and how they were worked, and how attacking parties in Cæsar's time made a sort of tortoise-back by holding the shields above their heads to protect themselves from the boiling lead poured

from the battlements above. Also he was keen on bug-hunting,* upon which subject both Read II. and I were dead nuts that term.

Besides, if you were to try you couldn't help admiring a fellow who got his footer blue and rowed in the boat as well, apart from his being such a thumping good bat that in the previous year's Masters *v.* Sixth match he had knocked Butler, who is our crack bowler, all over the place, and twice over the pav. for six. He was easily snip of all the masters in athletics. Wendell, of No. 9, was a fairly decent lob-bowler, but that was about all; and Wagstaffe, the Stinks man,† could long-jump when he was in form, but all the rest (except Tuff of 6, who had played for England in his day, but was getting a bit fat now) were positively piffling—the Head, Roly Ramsden, Barter, Atkinson, Jayne and all. As for "Frogs," he was a Frenchman, and one didn't expect it of him. Halley, the cricket pro, always said that Old Man Cottle's six daughters could take on the Masters' team and lick 'em in an innings, and certainly if you'd ever seen Jack (short for Mary), the second one, wicket-keeping, you'd have been inclined to agree with him.

Another thing about Meller was that he was always in training. You could see him in running togs before breakfast any morning in the year, and he never smoked. Nobody could understand his not smoking.. That anybody should be able to smoke as much as they liked and then not do it! Why, it was a licking and a Georgic for certain if we chaps were caught, and yet Read II. and I couldn't do without our weed of a Sunday afternoon, though we had to walk miles and miles, as far as Tinsley Mere, where there were convenient hedges, before it was safe; and had practically to ruin ourselves in cachous and coffee-beans in order to avoid detection afterwards. So, naturally, we thought it rather wonderful of Meller to give up, for so sporting a reason as keeping fit, such an absolute necessity as smoking. Still, our liking for him didn't develop into an absolute Case till shortly before the middle of the term. Up to then we had just thought him a jolly fine chap, and would have done anything, in reason, to oblige him. After the Masters *v.* Sixth match, however,

* Butterfly-catching. † Chemistry master.

our enthusiasm for him took us (looking back on it now) in the funniest way. I always say that it was something in one of the Head's sermons about finding an ideal and following it that started us doing what we did, but Read II. would never own it began like that, thinking it sounded namby-pamby. Anyway, whatever it was that gave us the idea, we resolved to turn over a great New Leaf for Meller's sake, and try to do nothing he wouldn't approve of, in order to get in time to be as like him as possible.

If we'd only decided on our New Leaf just two days later it would have been, in one way, a good deal more convenient. As it happened, we had been slacking fearfully (more than usual, in fact) for about a month previously, with the result that the two of us had accumulated between us impots to the amount of about six or seven hundred lines. Well, just before that, a chap in our house had shown us an advertisement of a pen specially made for writing lines, having, that is to say, six nibs on the same holder, so that it wrote six lines at once, and you only took a sixth the time to write any given number of lines that you would in the ordinary way.

Remembering that we had each just bought one of these wonderful inventions, and recollecting the large number of lines we had just then on hand, I suggested to Read II., when the New Leaf idea first occurred to us, that we should put off reforming for a couple of days or so; until, that is to say, we had polished off with the help of the six-nibbed pen all the outstanding impots. For, of course, I knew that Meller wouldn't approve of the wonderful new labour-saving invention we had just got from London.

But Read II., whose father is a soldier, and therefore an authority on honour, said it wouldn't be sporting just to put off reforming because it happened to be inconvenient at that particular moment, and pointed out that a self-sacrifice like chucking away the pens would be the very thing likely to please Meller most, so of course I gave in. But, as I said before, it was really a most unfortunate time for us to choose to reform, because, since we had to write them in the ordinary way, the lines weren't done in anything like time, and were consequently doubled. However, knowing what we did, the additional punishment made us feel very moral indeed, and more inclined than

ever to continue in our plan of doing what Meller would wish us to do, even though he didn't know we were doing it.

Giving up cribbing was jolly difficult. Since everybody else in the form cribbed as a matter of course, except those two swots Bates and Martindale, who were mugging for a schol: it followed naturally that Read II. and I., as soon as we reformed, were immediately a long way behind all the others in marks, and it became a mere toss-up week after week as to which of us would be bottom of the form. Now my people at home, from experience of the two private schools I went to, were usually fairly sensible about half-term reports, and end of terms ones, too, for that matter. As long as I wasn't actually bottom they didn't bother themselves, but if I was they would suddenly go off their heads, as it were, and write off raving to my housemaster, who, since his one idea was to be left alone, would give me a rotten time for weeks to pay me out for my people having worried him. Most other chaps' people are like that too, I think.

That was what happened the half term of which I am speaking. Read II. and I were bracketed bottom, and there was the dickens and all to pay. Both of our sets of people wrote immediately saying that evidently the companion we wrote home so much about (by that my people meant Read II., and Read II.'s people meant me) was a bad influence to us, and couldn't something be done? . . . and was it wise for us to share a study? &c., &c., &c. So just because we'd turned over a new leaf we were in hot water again, and it was only by pretending to blub when Atkinson, our house master, ragged us, that we escaped being shifted out of our mutual study and being stuck among the new-bugs at the other end of the passage for the rest of the term. After that kick-up, I do believe that if Read II. hadn't reminded me of the solemn oath we had taken I should have gone back to cribbing so as to do my people credit.

As it was, in order not to be absolutely bottom of our form again, we had to become absolute swots, as bad as Martindale and Bates. We drew the line at paying any attention in "Frogs"'s French class, of course; nobody had even been known to do that, and if we had been the ones to begin it wouldn't have done any good, and would have

made us uncomfortably conspicuous; but otherwise we worked like niggers. We stuck to it, not only through all Meller's classes, but in Maths as well, and worked hard without stopping night after night in evening prep, a thing practically unknown in our house up to then. Indeed, so keen did we become that we even slogged away when Penley was on duty, he being a short-sighted pre., during whose preps it was well known you could do simply anything. Soon Martindale, the swot at the head of our form, noticed what we were up to, and became quite pally. He turned out quite a decent sort after all, in spite of his being a swot, and was certainly a oner for helping a chap in a stiff passage. Then that little beast Belstead, noticing that we were getting thick with Martindale, spread a rumour that we had turned "Pi,"* which was, you will admit, a particularly low-down trick, seeing that since we were determined not to tell anyone the real reason for our conduct we couldn't deny it. I felt pretty sore about it for some days, I must say, when fellows I used to be pally with came up and asked me if it was true that I had turned "pi"; indeed, I never quite got over it till one day Read II. reminded me that our oaths said nothing about not punishing little beasts like Belstead for insufferable insults. After that I felt all right again, even if Belstead, whom I had given a black eye to, didn't.

But the hardest thing of all was giving up smoking. I'll admit frankly that before breaking myself of the habit completely, I broke my oath and smoked a cigarette on the sly, unknown even to Read II. Unknown to him at the time, that is; for a couple of days afterwards I felt such a cad about it that I owned up to him that I was no gentleman and had broken my oath, and, would you believe it, he'd done the same thing, and had been afraid to tell me, though he'd been feeling just as much a cad as I had. So that was all right. Afterwards we kept a careful watch over each other.

It was about this time that I had my first serious quarrel with Read II., for I don't count that time in our first term when I was a bit sick with him because he wouldn't walk up to Coll. with me on the mornings when I had on some

* Pious, goody-goody.

beastly ugly shirts my people made me wear. It was like this. We'd got into the habit of spending all the time we could spare from swotting, at the nets, bowling to Meller, who, when he couldn't get Halley the pro, or any of the chaps who were better cricketers than us, was kind enough to let us do it. One day—I don't know how I managed it, unless it was that I happened to be in jolly good form—I did the hat trick. Only at the nets, of course, but still, I got his wicket with three successive balls—Meller's wicket! And that, indirectly, was how the quarrel between me and Read II. began. The third time I did it Meller laughed and chucked down his bat.

"Good man!" he said. "Now you go in. I'll bowl."

I was frightfully hot with running after balls all the afternoon, and very glad to bat for a bit, and frightfully proud, of course, to be seen batting at the nets to Meller's bowling; and the fact that he got me out four times in the first six balls didn't upset me a bit. Then the bell rang, and we had to chuck it, and it wasn't till I was at my desk in the Shell room that I realised that Read II. was furiously jealous with me over Meller bowling to me. I wouldn't have minded that—it was natural to a certain extent—it was only when that cad Belstead said I had been sucking up to Meller at the nets and Read II. actually agreed with him, loudly, so that I should hear, that I lost my hair. I've forgotten now what I said to him after school, but I know we didn't speak for a couple of days.

At the end of that time I was quite ready to make it up, and should have done so if I hadn't noticed him in the passage showing some of the chaps a new photo of Meller, which he took out of his pocket. I could hardly believe my eyes, but only one explanation was possible. He'd sneaked behind my back, the little cad, and sucked up for one. As soon as we got back to our study I challenged him, and we fought, and I'm ashamed to say he licked me. It was only when I'd confessed that I'd had enough that he explained that he'd begged the photo for the pair of us, hoping it would make it up between us, and suggested that we should split the cost of a frame; and that the photo should hang up in the study till the end of the term, when we would toss to see who should have it for good. Nobody could say fairer than that, so we made

it up, and made a compact on the spot not to row again, because we both saw that the only way we could hope to imitate a fine chap like Meller was to pull together all we knew.

About this time Meller began not to show up at the nets so often. Read II. tried to stuff me up it was because after my hat trick he was afraid to stand up against my bowling, but I, who had seen him two evenings running playing tennis with Jack (which was short for Mary) Cottle, Old Man Cottle's second daughter, couldn't help thinking that that was more likely to be the reason for his absence, though what on earth a fine chap like him was thinking about condescending to play with a mere girl beat me. When I saw him a third evening walking with her along the Ledbury Road, and seeming, from the look of him, to be quite enjoying it, I was absolutely flabbergasted, and confided what I had seen to Read II., from whom I had up to then concealed it lest my mentioning it might seem like disbelief in Meller. Young Read was very surprised, too, when I told him, but after a long jaw about it we decided Meller must have stooped to speaking to her because she was so thumping good at cricket, and that probably he had only been giving her tips. Which, looked at in that light, was jolly sporting of Meller, considering how easily his action in doing so might be misconstrued by people who didn't know him as well as Read II. and I did. Even so, we wondered whether if we saw them together again one of us ought not to tip him the wink that being seen about with her was a bit *infra dig.* for a chap like him.

Not that she was a bad sort, Jack,—for a girl. Pretty, too, I s'pose, in a sort of way; at least I've heard Greenless, of Tuft's, who knew all about girls, call her so. She was always decent enough to me. For instance, the day after I saw her on the Ledbury Road with Meller, Read II. and I ran into her just near the Grub, and she took us inside and stood us each a mixed fourpenny ice in gingerbeer. Afterwards the three of us played Broken Bottles with a compo ball, at which she whopped us all to nothing, I'm bound to admit. If she'd cleared off then it would have been all right, but after that she must needs make us both promise to be pals of hers, or something. That's the worst

of girls;—they're always so beastly sentimental. For half a minute I swear I thought she was going to ask us to kiss her.

Meller turned up at the nets again next day, which happened to be a Saturday, and let us off watching a School match so that we should be free to bowl to him. After Roll he took us back to his rooms to tea, and showed us some spiffing knot tricks with a bit of rope. When we came away both Read and I were thoroughly ashamed of ourselves for ever having dreamt he could have spoken to Jack Cottle for any other reason than to give her cricket tips, or to tell her to try and not be such a fool, or something like that.

No sooner did we get back to the House to Prep than that little beast Belstead, knowing where we had been, and that there was nothing to stop his saying anything because it was only Penley who was on duty, shouted out for our benefit that Meller was spooney on Jack Cottle. As you may imagine, we were not long in avenging such a dreadful insult. Read II. was across the room and had caught the little liar by the neck almost before he'd finished speaking, and had begun to bang his head against the table by the time I got over there too. In our righteous anger we'd both quite forgotten we were in Prep, but Penley, who got in much more of a bait than anyone ever dreamt he was capable of, wouldn't take that as an excuse, and made us stand on forms at opposite ends of the room for the rest of the evening. After Prep, Belstead, the sneak, escaped, and we had to content ourselves with the inadequate revenge of putting a toad in his bed, and rushing into his cubicle after the lights were out and distributing his clothes about the passage. We didn't dare do more because, although we both agreed that no punishment could be too great for what Belstead had said, we were afraid that if I blacked his eye again so soon after the last time, Penley would put two and two together and guess who had done it.

Just before House Prayers that evening, Martindale, who always managed to see the weekly form results before anybody else (partly, perhaps, because, except Bates, he was the only person interested in them), told me that as a result of our swotting, Read II. and I were that week bracketed fourth out of a form of sixteen, and said that

that was why Meller had invited us to tea. I was more bucked up at the news than I should have thought I ever could have got about anything connected with work, and so was Read, and since our being fourth would certainly please Meller, we didn't grudge all the swotting it had meant to get it, or the jeers from chaps like Belstead, or anything. If Meller was pleased it was even worth while having given up smoking. For if ever we'd had any doubts of it before, our tea with him that afternoon, and the knot tricks he showed us, had convinced us once for all what a really fine chap he was.

On the Sunday afternoon Meller'd made an appointment with us to go bug-hunting with him. We looked forward to it all the morning, and took no end of a time to get ready, so as not to disgrace him if (as we hoped) people should see the three of us together. Read II. even went to all the fag of cleaning his nails, though, as I pointed out to him, that was going a bit too far, considering all the time it takes, and that nobody ever notices them when they're done. We got to Cottle's ten minutes early, and I wanted to go in at once, but Read, whose father is a soldier and therefore an authority on manners and all that sort of thing, made us hang about till two minutes after the time of the appointment, which seemed to me silly, but which he said was the thing to do. At the front door they told us we should probably find Meller in the garden, so we bucked round there, and, sure enough, as we went we heard his voice, laughing and talking, coming from a little arbour tucked away behind a lot of bushes. Read signed to me to be quiet, and we crept round softly, like Indians on the trail, until we got to the arbour, and then burst into it with a whoop, just as a surprise for Meller, you know.

And then we saw he was sitting there close beside Jack Cottle!

He got up, smiling a little, but not very pleased to see us, I thought.

"What am I to understand by this hullabaloo?" he said, in the queer way he sometimes had of talking.

We reminded him, in chorus, of his promise to go bug-hunting with us. I could hardly believe my ears at what he said next.

"I've changed my mind," he said. "I'm going bug-hunting with Miss Cottle instead."

For a moment we were silent, absolutely flabbergasted. Then Read II. blurted out indignantly, "But she doesn't know anything about bugs!"

"Well, put it that we're going to play croquet, then, or tennis, or golf, or going fishing—or anything you like," said Meller calmly, smiling. "Whatever it is, Miss Cottle and I are going to do it together." He turned to her with a funny sort of smile. "Aren't we, Jack?" he said.

There was nothing else to be done, so we moved away, filled (or at any rate I was) with the most terrible disappointment and rage I had ever experienced up to them. To be thrown over, at an instant's notice, and for a girl! For a few minutes I was so incensed against Meller that I didn't know what I was doing, and that was how I came to say a thing I repented of afterwards.

"I'll tell you what it is," I said to Read, as soon as we were in a quiet place. "Belstead was right. Meller *is* spooney on Jack Cottle."

I'd never seen Read get so angry as he did at that moment. He went quite white. When he spoke he didn't shout as one usually does when one's angry, but his voice just trembled with passion.

"Young Foss," he said, and I could see his fingers twitching, "I've been pals with you ever since we were new-bugs, and we've shared a study all the time. But if you don't take back what you've just said I'll never speak to you again. You've no right," he said, his voice getting a bit louder, "you've no right to say a thing like that about a man when he's not here to deny it. Especially a man like Meller. Suppose you heard anybody had said a thing like that about you!"

Of course I saw then that I'd been hasty, and apologised. Read II. confessed then that when we first saw them together the same thought had crossed his mind, but that he had dismissed it immediately as one unworthy of a gentleman. Then, of course, I saw how much finer a chap he was than me.

After we'd jawed a bit more together we came to the conclusion that Jack Cottle, seeing, like everybody else, what a great man Meller was, was trying to be seen about

with him as much as possible in order to make people who didn't really know him say he was spooney on her, so that she could brag about it to some other girl. Which was, you must admit, about as mean a thing as even a girl could do, and how it was that Meller didn't see through it passed our comprehension. Anyway, our course was clear. The least we could do was to show Jack Cottle what we thought of her conduct by cutting her dead the next time we met her.

Which we did the very next day. She absolutely looked for trouble, indeed, by coming running towards us. As we had arranged, we pretended not to see her, until she got so near that it was stupid to pretend any longer, when we just turned our heads in the opposite direction and moved on.

Short of blubbing, I've never seen a girl so upset. She looked after us queerly for a moment; then burst out, with almost a little sob in her voice:

"Oh!" she cried, stamping her foot, "you're the horridest boys in the whole school—and the ugliest!" Then, louder, because we were by that time some yards away. "And you're a pair of muffing butter-fingers, and you can't either of you catch for little apples!" By which she was referring, of course, to her having whopped us at Broken Bottles. Naturally, we were much too dignified to answer back, and just marched on as if we hadn't heard. Remembering she was a girl, and therefore a sneak, I'd half an idea that she would go straight off and tell Meller about our cutting her, but evidently she couldn't find him or something, for he was particularly nice to us that morning, and we almost forgave him for having chucked us the day before.

The same morning we'd got leave Up Town to buy the frame for Meller's photo. The enthusiasm for him which the choosing of it roused in us suggested to Read an extremely daring plan. It was that we should watch our time until we should see Meller and Jack Cottle together, and then march boldly up to them and tell him to her face what her little game was. This, we could not help thinking, must put a stop to the affair once for all.

And then, as we were coming out of the shop with the frame in a parcel, we saw them a little way up the street,

walking together, and, though you'll hardly believe it, they were arm-in-arm. I was so surprised, I'll admit, that I just hung on to the shop door-handle, but Read II., who inherits his great bravery from his father, who is a soldier, and therefore extremely brave, after just a moment's hesitation ran on after them.

What he said I couldn't hear, but after he'd spoken for a bit Meller laughed out loud so that people who were passing on the other side of the street turned round to see what all the fuss was about. Then he beckoned to me, and as soon as I came up took hold of my shoulder with one of his hands, and of Read's with the other, in a way he was very fond of.

"Read here has been telling me," said Meller, "that his opinion of Miss Cottle is that she is a bold, bad woman. May I ask if you share that view?"

I nodded, rather defiantly, and Jack Cottle, who was standing by Meller's side, giggled.

"Well," said Meller, "I've called you back to try to get you to reconsider your decision, because, you see, I don't want to marry a bold, bad woman, and I'm certainly going to marry Miss Cottle, so something's got to be done."

You can guess what effect these terrible words had upon us. Read II., who was holding the parcel containing the frame, dropped it, and I, for my part, heard the glass go crack inside the paper and didn't trouble to pick it up. I suppose we must have looked fairly averagely depressed, for Meller went on: "Don't tell me you're surprised!" and added, laughing, "Why, you blind young bats, it's been going on for weeks and weeks!"

Which, of course, absolutely put the cap on it, for what he'd said could only mean that it wasn't just Jack's fault, after all; and that Meller had really been spooney on her all the time, and hadn't even the decency to be ashamed of it. Which meant that he'd never, even at the beginning of the term, been the man we'd taken him for, and that all our sticking up for him, and all our great Reform for his sake, had been so much waste of tissue—that we'd just made fools of ourselves. I tell you, we felt so utterly down about it that when, on the way back to the Coll., Belstead guyed us and yelled out that everybody

knew all about Meller now, and that he and Jack Cottle were going to be married in the hols, and that next term he was to be head of No. 5, instead of Old Man Cottle, who was retiring, we hadn't even the spirit to kick him.

We went dejectedly back to our house and up to our study, and there, after barricading the door, we solemnly tore up the photo of Meller into a thousand fragments. As for the frame we had just bought, it seemed a pity to waste it, so we resolved to raffle it among the new-bugs. They wouldn't mind the glass being a bit broken.

During the day Read II. said some very fine thoughts indeed, one or two of which he wrote down while he remembered them, about the hopelessness of ever making a hero of anybody, because nobody was worth it; and that afternoon we took a new oath never to admire anybody again, nor to turn over a new leaf for that or any other reason for the rest of our lives. We slacked all Prep, since it was no earthly use swotting when cribbing would keep us just as high in the form, and the lines we got for ragging Penley, who happened to be on duty, didn't worry us a bit when we remembered that, since we had been saving up hard all the time we'd been reformed, we had quite enough money to be able to write to London for some more six-nibbed pens. We made it up with a lot of the chaps who'd been fighting shy of us because of the rumour that we'd turned "pi," and, since one of us managed to slip out of bounds to the tobacconist's during the week, Sunday found us at Tinsley Mere once more, puffing away, and wondering how on earth we'd ever come to be silly asses enough to think we could ever do without such an absolute necessity as cigarettes.

The Unmarried Mother

By C. Gasquoine Hartley

(Mrs. W. M. Gallichan)

Author of "The Truth about Woman," "The Position of Woman in Primitive Society," etc., etc.

One of the most pressing questions that we shall have to face in the present stage of social awakening is the relationship of the State to the unmarried mother and her child. It really is impossible to evade it much longer. There is obviously something ridiculous, at a time when the fateful importance of motherhood is coming more and more to be recognised, to continue our smug hypocrisies, and remain in the strongholds of our own sexual prejudices. We cannot raise panegyrics to motherhood, prating of this being "the century of the child," while at the same time we make of unwedded maternity a branded disgrace.

For what does this mean? We are sanctioning the sacrifice of mothers, driving them to crimes, to child-murder and to death; we send them out on to the streets, forcing them to choose between starvation and prostitution. It is these wrongs that we are suffering. We call motherhood holy, and yet we are doing nothing. The ideas of evolution and eugenics have emphasised the importance of the child, but tens of thousands of helpless children, through the cruelty of our laws and the short-sightedness of our moral outlook, are smirched by us with the shame of illegitimacy, and thus forced downward in the social scale.

In the face of the iniquity of our bastardy laws, I am forced to doubt the sincerity of our attitude towards motherhood. Still greater is my doubt of the value of our moral code. It seems to me that in these questions of our sexual conduct, we have receded further and further away from the realities of life, and have become blinded and baffled by the very idols to morality that men have set up. Let no one make a mistake. In pleading for these unhonoured

mothers and their children, I am very far indeed from a desire to lessen moral responsibility. I am not advocating illegal parentage.

Our present attitude is a reproach to our social intelligence. The fact is our thought on all these questions is obscured by the puritan view of punishment, based on the assumption that harshness in the treatment of sexual offences will make for a higher standard of morality. Do we really believe this? Surely the underlying fallacy of our morality has always been here—our desire to crucify the offender. I am very certain of this: morality must always, to be effective, be bound up with advantage. We are suffering a great deal from our sentimental traditions. The world is not made up of good characters whom you have to love, help, and admire, on the one side; while on the other side, are the bad characters to whom, in the interest of goodness, punishments and damnation must be given. Our laws reflect this quality of arrogant assurance. What I want is a higher Ethic; a new straight outlook on practical values.

It is common sense after all. From an economic point of view, what a wastage arises from our policy of unreasoning cruelty. As was said many years ago by a man who was truly wise: "The human race would gain much if virtue were made less laborious."

What have we done? All efforts to slay this evil of sexual relationships, unsanctioned by the law, have been as a stream, dashing against rock barriers, which have thrown it back upon itself. We have to remember that we are up against the strongest force in life. Our legislators seem to me as blind fighters, dealing blows, that sometimes hit the mark by chance, but more usually miss it. Reforms that matter are not often simple. And because of the difficulties the problem is being left alone. It is even a kind of disgrace to bring it forward; and the evil and the waste is so hidden up that most of us are scarcely aware of its immense existence among us. What I wish to make clear is that we cannot escape from what we are doing, or rather, are leaving undone.

The practical aspects of the question are very serious. Illegitimacy has a far closer relation than is generally understood to the racial wastage which it helps to feed.

Certainly it looms large as a factor in social disintegration —in the degeneration, which leads to the streets and to the prison, and the ever-increasing hosts of the submerged. The yearly harvest of these shame-branded children appears almost incredible to those who do not study vital statistics. Take, for instance, the statistics for the year 1910—what do we find? There were 37,509 illegitimate children born in England and Wales and 8,472 in Scotland—that is to say, about one million of these children are born in this land in a single generation. Nor is this all. In England still-born births are not registered; were these recorded the illegitimate birth-rate would be much higher than these statistics show. In those countries where the records are kept, the number of still-born, illegitimate births is always high. Take Germany, for instance, where there are more than twice the number of still-born, illegitimate children than still-born, legitimate children. This is as we should expect.

Will you try to realise what these facts mean? Something must be done to put an end to this waste of human material in our midst. The infant mortality rate, high as it is for the children of married parents, is doubled and more than doubled in the case of illegitimate children. Three times as many children born out of wedlock die before eighteen years of age as compared with those children born under the protection of the law. In many towns in England the illegitimate infant death-rate is increasing to figures that must give alarm to all who at all understand. I will give the figures for some six towns, taken from a long list that has been sent to me by a friend.*

PROPORTION OF DEATHS UNDER 1 YEAR OLD PER 1,000 INFANTS.

	Legitimate	Illegimate
Bristol	96·8	223·3
Manchester	162	362
Leicester	130	377
Cardiff	124	349
Cambridge	81	219
Poplar	121·5	281·24
Wandsworth	97	276

But I have no wish to weary my readers with these pitiful statistics; they are readily accessible to all. Un-

* These most illuminating statistics were sent to me through the kindness of Mr. Edmund B. D'Auvergne. The figures were all supplied by the authorities of the Boroughs.

fortunately, the facts do not allow of any exaggeration; they are saddening and horrible enough in themselves. And no statistics can do more than shadow the extent of the evil; motherhood brought to despair—the child-murders that fortunately remain hidden, the secret abortions, the concealed births, the still-born children who might have been born alive. And we suffer these things. It is the race that pays and rots; our sins to the mothers must be visited on the children.

Let us view these large questions in the light of the result to the race. This practical morality will serve us better than any traditional code. The State needs healthy children, and by any negligence tending to this end, it inflicts serious charges of all sorts upon itself, and at the same time dangerously impairs its efficiency in the future. The nationalisation of healthy children is of much greater importance than the nationalisation of education.

The problem is sufficiently grave to demand the immediate attention of our legislators. The terribly high death-rate among illegitimate children alone suffices to illustrate the actual conditions, to say nothing of the much greater waste carried on in those children who live. Great Britain has, in each year, 50,000 illegitimate children; Germany, 180,000; Austria, 120,000; France, 75,000; Italy, 60,000; Spain, 30,000; Belgium, 12,000. And to this vast host of helpless children we, in this land, give almost no protection. In the English law they have no father. They are *filii nullius*—nobody's children; without kin, they have no rights of inheritance. All through life they are branded. The child, in England, is not legitimised even on the marriage of its parents. In Scotland, where the law is more closely moulded on the firm Roman law, than in the English law, this injustice is not found. The illegitimate child becomes legitimate by the simple and natural process of its father marrying its mother. Can the cruelty of our English law have any positive value? It is difficult to think so. This social ban placed upon helpless children is assuredly one of the most senseless conventions that man has set up.

What, then, is done in this Christian land for the illegitimate child? It is little enough. The father, if he can be caught and his paternity proved, may be compelled

to pay a few shillings weekly to the mother for ailment. He must, however, be sued within a year and a day of the birth of the child. If he disappears for that period, as too often happens, he is freed from even this meagre recognition of his responsibility to his child. Under no circumstances can he be compelled to pay more than 5*s.*; this sum is deemed to be sufficient whatever his financial or social status. The payments cease when the child reaches the age of sixteen, and the law makes no provision that the child must be trained for a livelihood. It is plain that five shillings—even if the whole amount granted by the law is given—is insufficient to keep a child. And in most cases the sum granted to the mother by the board is fixed at low as 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* 6*d.* per week. It would be a salutary lesson if we could follow the histories of the children brought up on this pittance! Is this a policy of justice? Is it even common-sense?

Further trouble arises for the mother from the costs and difficulties of the law. First she has to obtain a summons, for which she must pay 3*s.* 6*d.*, with an additional 2s. for delivery of the summons, if beyond the limits of a city or borough. When found, the man is called to appear before the magistrate some time *after six days*; this interval affords him an easy opportunity to remove to another town or village, now that the woman has proved herself "troublesome." If he should answer the summons and paternity be proved, an affiliation order is given. But it has first to be paid for, and its cost, 9*s.*, is obviously often an impossible payment for a destitute and friendless mother. These difficulties are really little short of comic. It would seem that the object of our bastardy laws was rather to protect the father than to aid the child or its mother. Again I ask if this is justice? Is it even common-sense?

One plain result is that only a small percentage—it is stated by some to be as low as five per cent.—of these unmarried mothers ever apply for alimony. The punishment falls on one partner in the act; the man practically escapes his payment. For it is much easier for the woman to go on to the streets; the army of prostitutes every year is recruited by many thousands of these girls.

The barriers that are placed in the path of the un-

married mother afford certain proof of how greatly we are in need of change in the law. For suppose an affiliation order is obtained, what does the law do to ensure that the mother will ever get the weekly payments? It does nothing. Indeed, if the man so wishes, the way of escape from his obligations is made very easy. Why is this? Why is the application of the law so accidental? Four weeks are given to the man after the execution of the order, during which he is exempt from payment, and the burden of the support of the child falls on the mother. It is during these weeks that child-murders, almost invariably, are committed. I will not comment upon this, because I feel quite unable to write calmly. Infanticide is committed always, I believe, under the biting pressure of want and despair. It is practically unknown in France, where the law prescribes that the State shall give help to all necessitous mothers. But to return. After the four weeks have passed, the father becomes liable, but *only if the application for payment is made to him by the mother in person.* There is no penalty against his leaving the neighbourhood during these granted weeks of grace. He knows that in most cases the girl will not have the courage or the means to follow him or to apply for a fresh summons. But suppose the case is followed up, even then the mother is not safe. The man can still refuse to pay, choosing rather to go to prison. This, of course, punishes him, but it does nothing for the mother or the child. Her case is more helpless than before.

We have to remember that the birth of every child—and it matters not at all whether the birth is legal or illegal—is always the introduction of a new individual into the community. Birth is not a personal fact only, but a social fact, in which the State cannot fail to be concerned. It is this that makes our cruel bastardy laws so absurd. After all, you cannot go on indefinitely encouraging the production of wastrels. It is the practical question of *advantage* that we need to-day in the administration of our laws.

And there is another point. It is of the utmost importance for us to realise that reforms are needed to bring our laws up to the level of the modern civilised State. Our law in this matter of protection for the mother and maintenance for the child, lags far behind that of other

countries; and is only one example out of many of our hide-bound attachment to ancient abuses.

Our attitude to the unmarried mother is very plainly founded on the patriarchal idea of woman as the property of man. I cannot follow this here. The question how such a view came to be embodied in our laws may be answered very briefly, by casting a glance backwards into the past. To the fine legacy left to us by the Roman law was added a new influence with the growth of the ascetic ideal. For centuries the forces have been at work in this new outlook on moral values. Christianity considered the sexual life as impure; true purity was attained only in celibacy. In the twelfth century we find the capture of marriage by the Church and the establishment of Canon law, whereby the idea of the temptations of the sexual life became inextricably mingled with the sanctification of marriage as a sacrament. But what the Church gave to women with one hand it took back with the other. The ancient world had looked on sexual love as a joy and a duty. The Pauline Christianity allowed love as a necessity, but only within the marriage bonds and as a relief against temptations. And when, thus, even love and parentage, sanctified by the Church in marriage, came to be looked upon as a lower state, it inevitably followed that when woman, outside of marriage, became a mother, she was damned without pity. She had tempted man to unchastity; she was looked upon, to use the strong expression of an Apostolic father, as the "gate of the Devil."

Of course, there is much more to be said on this question. But what I wish to make plain is this: a complete falsification of sexual morality grew out of the ecclesiastical point of view. The action of a double moral standard (operating quite differently within sanctified marriage and outside it) has led, on the one side, to the setting up of a theoretical ideal, which, as few are able to follow it, tends to become an empty form, and this, on the other side, leads to a hidden laxity that rushes to waste love out to a swift finish. You will see what I mean. For this puritan doctrine of denial has left the heaviest burden of payment upon women. Here we find the explanation of the pillory and the whipping-post, and of all the penalties devised by men's conscience for women's digression from the path

of virtue. Certainly our bastardy laws reflect this view. And I do not think that men will very readily free themselves from the hateful ascetic idea of woman as sin.

I must return now to a more practical consideration of the problem. To a surprising and gratifying degree the position of the unmarried mother and her child is being discussed in all countries; and possible remedies are being found for some of the worst evils, by associations and changes in the law. Much tentative legislation has already been passed by progressive States. All thinkers are coming to see the waste of the old system. The modern tendency is to place *remedy* in lieu of *punishment*. Thus, we need scarcely doubt that we are approaching the acceptance of a more truly moral code, based upon the need of protection for the child. Among ourselves alone little has as yet been done. Why is this? The difficulty of bringing about any change in our laws is certainly very great, for respect of the law is, perhaps, the guiding principle of English life. So far any movement towards reform has been in the hands of private individuals, and only the few have cared at all. And there the matter rests. And there it will rest until a wider understanding awakens public opinion; then, indeed, our politicians will be driven into action. It is this for which I am hoping. For I do not believe that great changes in the things that really matter are often brought about by Acts of Parliament. Parliament may register the reforms, may try to modify or check them, it does not create them. It is public opinion that does this. When we really care for the injustice with which we treat the unmarried mother, our bastardy laws will be changed. Till then we shall go on as we have done, raising sentimental lamentations, but content to muddle on, careless of the evils we are sowing by our carelessness.

In the meantime, it may be salutary for us to know the action that other countries are taking in this question. Certainly we have much to learn.

In Australia, where women possess a larger share than elsewhere in making and administrating the law, much attention has been given of late to raise the status of the illegitimate child. Thus, in South Australia paternity may be proved before the birth of the child, and when this is done, the father, by order of a magistrate, must furnish

security that he will find lodging for the mother for one month before and one month after her confinement, as well as pay for the doctor and nurse, and provide clothing for the child. After the child is born, the father pays a weekly sum, at the decision of the magistrate, to the mother for its maintenance. Children are legitimised on the marriage of their parents. In New Zealand (again a land where women's influence is strong), an illegitimate child is now registered in the name of the father, where paternity is proved. I would ask you to consider very carefully these wise and practical measures. Do they not show more common-sense than our methods? Are they not more in line with the modern spirit, the spirit, that is, of intelligent seeking for the advantage of the child?

A strongly marked movement towards reform is evident in Teutonic countries. Take Germany, for instance, where the forethought shown in every direction, both for the child and the mother, is in marked contrast to our neglect. Here, alimony, which the father is compelled to provide, is understood in so wide a sense, as to include some kind of training to fit the child to earn its own living. And if the child be mentally or physically deficient so as to be unable to support itself, the father must continue his aid for all its life. How far this plan exceeds ours in its wisdom as applied to life. Again, for every out-of-marriage child there is appointed a Vormund or guardian, whose duty is to supervise the best methods of carrying out the law. Such guardian is never permitted to be a relative, or even a friend, of the father, lest he be tempted to "narrow the ailment" in his interest. The welfare of the child is the one consideration that matters. And for this reason, the guardians do everything to legitimise these children by encouraging the marriage of their parents. So successful are they in this task that in Dresden as many as two-thirds of the children are said to become legitimised at the end of five years. The appointment of these guardians I take to be very important. I believe that nothing else is quite so urgently needed to safeguard the fatherless little ones. I do not think the illegitimate child can be safely left to the care of its mother. Those who talk here of the mother's sole right to her child are being misled by sentiment. These mothers are, as a rule, incapable of giving adequate

training to their children. I would go further than this, and say, that in depriving their child of a father, they have proved already their unfitness for motherhood. But for this, they must not be punished; no, they must be helped, supported, and guarded just because of, and in proportion to, their weakness, for this is the only way of salvation for the child.

Changes in the law, all favourable to the legal position of the child, have been made in Sweden, in Norway, in Russia, and in Switzerland. In this last country the bastard has all the rights of a child born in marriage, when once paternity has been recognised. And if the mother fails to find the father, the child himself, or his guardian, can take proceedings. A similar law, recently enacted, exists in Sweden, as also in Norway, where the illegitimate child takes almost the same place as the legitimate child, bearing the father's name and inheriting his property. It is also recognised that care for the mother is necessary for the well-being of the child. Thus, in Norway, as is the case in Australia, the father must maintain the mother during her confinement. And his responsibility is so truly recognised that, if the mother is driven to commit any deed of violence against the child, he may be held accountable with her and punished, should he have known of her position and have refused to help her.

Is an Act of such clear justice as this one impossible in England? I fear that at present it is.

A law has just now been passed by the Russian Duma by which the father of an illegitimate child is made responsible for the birth; he must keep the mother until such time as she is fit to earn her own living. In Denmark the father supports the child up to the age of eighteen; he provides for the mother for one month before and one month after the birth of the child. Such money is paid to the mother by the authorities, and is afterwards claimed by them from the father. This point may seem of small importance, yet it is our carelessness in such details that, in great measure, causes the utter futility of our laws.

There are some countries, while seeking liberation for the mother, have, at any rate in the past, followed the policy of freeing the father even more completely than

we do from the responsibility of his fatherhood. Is this wise? If I am right at all in my moral view, it is not.

Let me give an instance. In France, as is well known, and in those countries whose legal codes follow the French example, it is not legally permitted to the mother to inquire into the paternity of an illegitimate child. The mother and her offspring are a charge upon the State. This is the case in Spain and in Ireland.* Such a law is, in my opinion, alike unjust to the State and to the mother; it is not less unjust to the father. Yet it must be noted that in these countries infanticide is very rare; in France it has practically been abolished. In Hungary the State boards out the illegitimate child with a family, if the woman has to work for her living. But the mother is encouraged to keep in touch with her child, and, if she wishes, she can at any time support it herself.

We find, however, that changes in the laws are developing from the now widely accepted view of the woman's right to recognition of her child, and support for it from its father. So strongly is this felt, that in Austria the law goes to the extreme point, and even allows the mother who has had several lovers to choose for herself which man she wishes to make responsible for her child.† In 1913 a new law was passed in France by which a child born out of wedlock, in certain cases, has the right to its father's name and nationality, and to half the property which would have descended by law to a legitimate child. This movement in France, in particular, is striking, when one remembers the famous prohibition, named Article 40 of her Code, which forbade even a prayer for compassion to be addressed to the father of an illegitimate child! Such an enactment will not bear any comment. The will of the father is still, in France, supreme. To gain the justice of the new law

* In Ireland the mother is not permitted to apply for an affiliation order herself from a magistrate, she must go into the workhouse. The guardians are in theory allowed to sue a man for the expenses of the mother. The cases must, however, be taken to the County Court, and owing to the expense and trouble of the process action is rarely taken. The father does not often pay any share in the maintenance of the child.

† It is interesting to find the same custom among many primitive maternal peoples. Among the ancient Arabs for instance, where a woman was the wife of several men, she was allowed to decide to which of them her child was to belong. For further account of woman's ancient freedom in this respect see "*Position of Woman in Primitive Society: A Study of the Matriarchy.*"

the child must be recognised by him. This is wrong. It ought not to be by caprice, but by justice, that these matters should be decided.

I hope to have made it clear that I am not thinking of humanitarianism in asking for a change in our law. I am not at all advocating any sentimental legislation: we have had quite enough of that. It is an intelligent insight into causes and their effects that we need to-day in the administration of our laws. Our system of treating this matter, with its incredible short-sightedness, its culpable lack of supervision, is proved out-of-date, because we now know that it is useless. The life of every child must be safeguarded, not on ethical grounds, but for the sake of the health and efficiency of the race.

And now can we not see the way that in the future will lead us to a more truly moral code? A wider justice has grown with our inquiry, and an understanding of the causation of the evil. Again I would urge practical action, which alone can bring us any advantage.

First, and, I think, most important of all, the law as it affects the unmarried mother must be made easier in its working and cheaper. All artificial difficulties preventing the mother from obtaining alimony must be removed. No longer should the law make it easy for the father to escape from his responsibilities. Further, the task of obtaining maintenance for the child and protection for the mother should rest, not with the woman, but with the local authorities, or with specially appointed guardians. The alimony paid should vary according to the means and social status of the father: in all cases it should include some kind of training to enable the child to earn its own living. A further charge should be made upon the man for the support of the mother for at least one month before and one month after the birth of the child.

We must, therefore, recommend, to ensure this being done, that all illegitimate children should be placed by special statute under the guardianship of the State.

A recognition of the claims of the child is the new Ethic that is slowly but surely dawning on womankind and on man. It is this, and this alone, that should guide us in the reform of our laws. It is true we cannot change the sexual nature of men and women. I think the first fact

we have to realise is this, and I can hardly emphasise too strongly its importance. For when once we really understand what this means, we cannot fail to know the folly of our punitive system, which not only fails remedially, but acts as a direct incentive to new crimes. To this end, then, we must strive to awaken our racial conscience, so that we may understand at last that the sexual sins committed among us are the irresponsible results of social evils, for which all of us are morally responsible.

Agriculture *versus* Mr. Bonar Law

By Bernard Gilbert

When the Unionist townsman saw on the placards of Liberal papers: "Boycotted Farmers," he looked into unusual columns to see what was happening in Ireland, to find English farmers grumbling instead. When he learned that the complaint centred round a few shillings an acre and found that his own reliable *Telegraph* or *Daily Mail* made no mention of the matter, he promptly dismissed it from his mind. If it were of the least importance some of the agricultural M.P.'s would speak about it, and there would be letters in the *Times*. But the Unionist M.P.'s were silent, and never a word appeared in the *Times*, so that it was evidently a Radical mare's-nest once more.

There is something more to be said, however, and it will be well that every Unionist, who cares for the honour of his party, should know the truth. Many of them must hear it for the first time from these pages.

The farmers of Great Britain are threatened with something approaching ruin by the present Fiscal Proposals. The charge against the Unionist Party is that they have consented to these proposals in order to gain votes at the next election, heedless of the damage to agriculture.

(I refer throughout, to the original scheme of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as the "Old Scheme," and the amended proposals of Mr. Bonar Law (excluding agriculture and Imperial Preference), as the "New Scheme.")

To prove that the "New Scheme" threatens agriculture with disaster is flogging a dead horse, because no one seriously denies it. Attempts have been made (as by Mr. Bonar Law at Edinburgh) to minimise the damage; or occasional M.P.'s, speaking at country meetings, say they never thought a tax of 2*s*. on wheat would really help the farmers, thus carefully begging the question. But a few quotations from important Tariff Reformers should suffice.

"It is inconceivable that the agricultural interest would allow manufacturers to be protected, while food imports went free."—Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.

"It is impossible to protect manufacturers unless agriculture is included."—Prince Bismarck.

"Rural voters will never tolerate a tariff only on what they buy, with none for what they produce."—J. L. Garvin, Esq.

"If anyone thought that agriculture was going to be left out, they were more than usually insane."—Rt. Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P.

"Tariff Reform without food taxes would be something very nearly approaching ruin."—Sir H. Rider Haggard.

* * * * * *

At Ashton, in December, 1912, Mr. Bonar Law announced that duties on food were dropped, for the time, from the Unionist programme. This arrangement, known as the "Edinburgh Compromise," pacified the Unionist Free Traders, and kept the Tariff Reform Wing from open rebellion.

Then came a short period of discussion during which the *Morning Post* and *Observer* were as out-spoken as any revolting farmer. It was realised that Imperial Preference (Mr. Chamberlain's finest war-cry) was lost, and with it all the idealism that had surrounded the "Old Scheme." The great founder was gone, and there was no one to defend ideals, so they were pushed out of sight; and Tariff Reform ("New Scheme") became the most disastrous plank that ever figured in a Unionist platform.

Although it was clear that agriculture was sacrificed, not a word was said at Ashton about it; the leaders inferring that as farmers had always voted blindly Conservative not even an earthquake would move them.

True, it was stated that the dropping of the food duties was only temporary, but this was soon abandoned, and it is not pretended now that they will be revived. Earl Fitzwilliam said, at Dewsbury, in June, 1913: "I will ask all sensible Unionists to get into their minds that the Unionist Party cannot be expected to impose anything in the nature of food taxation so long as the cost of living rises, or even remains as it is."

It is clear, therefore, that Tariff Reform now stands for a system in which articles bought by the farmer will be raised in price, whilst those which he sells must still face the world's competition. It is not easy to state what the farmer will lose on any particular item. We can only take the proposals as they stand: to levy a duty of 10 per cent. upon manufactured articles, and estimate an average rise of 10 per cent. upon such of the farmers' yearly expenses as will be affected. This amounts to about 6*s*. an acre taken all over the country, which tallies with the result arrived at by one of the leaflets of the Tariff Reform League, No. 22, which promised the Irish farmer a profit of 6*s*. an acre under the "Old Scheme" of Tariff Reform.

As the Irish farmer, on his poor soil, was promised this, we can suppose that the English farmer would have fared no worse. He would expect to do better. Under the "New Scheme" of Tariff Reform, however, farmers are not only to lose this promised bonus of 6*s*. an acre, but are to pay in addition 10 per cent. extra on nearly everything they buy.

The average rent of an acre of agricultural land in Great Britain is estimated at £1. The Income Tax Authorities calculate the farmer's profits as one-third of his rent, which gives 6*s*. 8*d*. an acre, as his income.

It is impossible to give the average annual expenditure of a farmer, but the result of considerable inquiry places it at about £3 an acre, exclusive of rent and rates. A rise of 10 per cent. on £3 is 6*s*., and we arrive at the startling conclusion that the "New Scheme" of Tariff Reform will take practically the whole of the farmer's profits away from him.

Below is given the annual expenditure on a large arable farm of 900 acres, in Lincolnshire:—

	£
Labour...	2,100
Feeding stuffs	850
Clover and other agricultural seeds	270
Machinery	120
Miscellaneous manufactured articles	80
Manufactured manures	375
Household expenses...	400
Total	£4,195

(Rent and Rates, £1,137, are not included.)

Annual outlay, exclusive of Rent and Rates, £4 10*s.* an acre. *A* 10 *per cent. rise would be* 9*s. an acre; or* 50 *per cent. more than the profit per acre on an average farm.*

It is admitted that a Tariff means a rise of price in manufactured articles, and higher wages for workers. Higher prices are promised the manufacturer to recompense him for having to pay higher wages, and the labourer is promised higher wages to recompense him for having to pay more for what he buys. Leaflet No. 117 of the Tariff Reform League says: "Tariff Reform is the best policy for the agricultural labourer because it . . . . will increase his wages."

The price of manures, cakes, machinery, etc., will rise; they are kept down now because any ring or trust has foreign competition to consider. The experience of other countries is that the price of home-manufactured articles tends to rise under a Tariff. The President of the United States says: "There may have been a time when the tariff did not raise the price, but that time is past; the tariff is now taken advantage of by the great combinations in such a way as to give them a control of prices." The German Imperial Secretary of the Home Office, speaking in 1912, said: "Of course, our own Tariff Policy has, as its object, to raise prices."

Under a Tariff, manufacturing costs, machinery, freights, etc., rise, and our manure makers, and feeding-cake manufacturers must either be protected, or foreign "dumps" will close down their works. Our manure trade is already highly organised: there is the Kainit Monopoly, the Nitrate Syndicate, the Potash Syndicate, and the Superphosphate Ring, which fix prices and regulate or suppress competition. The same applies to the manufacturers of other staple articles, and it is certain that industries so well organised, will take every step to avoid disaster. The Tariff Reform Candidate for East Hull, in 1909, said: He would tell them how the seed-crushing industry would be affected. In Manchuria, where Soya beans came from, seed-crushing plant was being laid down, and he warned them that unless they took steps to protect their industry by Tariff Reform they would soon have, in Hull, great

competition from Manchuria. Was it unfair to ask the foreigner to pay a 10 per cent. duty? He thought not.

This is exactly what we might expect. The manure and feeding stuffs makers *must* have a Tariff on all they manufacture.

If those who farm well put down their figures they will find that the "New Scheme" of Tariff Reform will cost them from 10*s*. to 15*s*. an acre. I will not place it higher, although there are many whose annual outlay per acre runs over £10.

The first mutter of thunder was heard in Lincolnshire soon after Ashton. The National Farmers' Union is a body of practical farmers which has spread from Lincoln all over the country, until its branches cover forty counties of England and Wales. The Lincolnshire Executive resolved, unanimously: "That they would be no party to a change in fiscal policy that excluded agriculture from its benefits."

As soon as this appeared, the Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., said: "Agriculture ought to be strong enough to protect itself effectually, and I am glad that your Union is the first to make it known."

From the Lincolnshire Farmers' Union this resolution went to the National Executive, a body composed of delegates from every county, which passed it unanimously; and since then it has been supported by most of the counties and a great number of smaller branches. It has also spread to other organisations: "Farmers' Clubs," "Chambers of Agriculture," "Agricultural Associations," etc.

There was no escaping the challenge, and at Edinburgh, on January 24th, Mr. Bonar Law devoted a considerable portion of a speech in replying to this "Resolution."

He admitted that if his "New Scheme" did exclude agriculture, then farmers were justified in opposing it, but tried to minimise the damage by suggesting that there would be no loss, and he went on to say that if the "New Scheme" did cause a loss to agriculture, then he would make it up to them in other ways.

"We will," he said, "foster beet-growing, encourage small-holders, assist tenants in buying their own farms, and relieve the rates."

The first offer is negligible, the second might be of national service, but can hardly help tenant farmers. State-aided purchase would be appreciated by the tenant who was being turned out, yet even that would not help the majority, nor would it avail anyone at all if the "New Tariff Scheme" made it impossible for farms to be worked at a profit. The only appreciable offer is that of relieving the rates. It is difficult to state the average rate per acre, but the Local Taxation Returns point to about 2*s.* 6*d.* over Great Britain as the average net rate paid on each acre of agricultural land, after the half reduction, already allowed, is taken off. We have a reduction of one-half already; what further can we hope for? Supposing that our wildest dreams were realised and we received half the balance! This would be a welcome help; but it would not go far towards making up the loss caused by a one-sided Tariff Reform. Further, this relief is promised already, it is long overdue, it will be but justice when and if it comes, and cannot be regarded as a gift to make us swallow such disastrous proposals.

In this speech Mr. Bonar Law made an amazing statement: "The chief advantage to agriculture of a tariff will be the improvement of the home market . . . . by which the buying power of the people will be raised and that market made infinitely more valuable."

But if agricultural produce is *not* protected, that "increased buying power" cannot raise home prices, but will merely call in more foreign produce.

There is no answer to that, and I ask the reader to consider how poor a case must be when such attempts are made to prop it up.

A sinister light is thrown upon Mr. Bonar Law's offer of "money to relieve agricultural rates" by that great agricultural landowner, the Duke of Marlborough, who said, at Chorlton, on December 10th, 1913: "Whatever the sum of money handed over from Tariff Reform was, it would go straight into the pocket of the agricultural labourers in improving their wages."

Can any urban Unionist picture how a Conservative

farmer feels towards the leaders of his party when he reads this?

The "Lincolnshire Farmers' Union," to whom Mr. Bonar Law was replying, considered his speech and unanimously reaffirmed "that agriculture claims equal treatment under any scheme of Tariff Reform." Their Chairman said that "Mr. Bonar Law's alternative benefits are, to my mind, purely imaginary and nothing decisive. Justice demands," he added, "that all be treated alike, or we had better remain under Free Trade."

The National Farmers' Union is a non-political body, and, as it was felt imperative that the Fiscal Proposals should be opposed, a separate body was formed, called the "Farmers' Tariff Union," with the sole purpose of fighting the "Edinburgh Compromise."

All the Unionist M.P.'s sitting for rural districts have been circularised for their attitude upon this matter; but only one has been found who will openly support the farmers in their desperate plight.

Speaking to a Farmers' Union in January, 1914, Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P., advised farmers not to vote for anyone who supported the present "rotten" fiscal proposals. "Farmers and their workmen," he said, "are perfectly justified in refusing to vote for any candidate who advocates a 10 per cent. tariff on imported manufactured goods and no tariff at all upon imported agricultural goods. For all practical purposes the Edinburgh policy *does* exclude agriculture."

This is honest enough, but although there are many Unionist M.P.'s who profess to look after the farmer's interests, not one can be found to follow Mr. Hunt.

The "Edinburgh Compromise" would never have passed if these men had fought for the farmer, but they stood with folded arms allowing agriculture to be sacrificed. It is an open secret that some of them were strong advocates of the "wobble," hoping thereby to gain the labourers' votes and careless of the farmer. Already, I have seen a leaflet asking agricultural labourers to vote for a Conservative candidate *because he was against a tax on food.* Yet the same man is backing up a tax on what the farmer has to buy!

When these politicians are questioned, they say that they are content with the "Edinburgh Compromise," and that Mr. Bonar Law's alternative offers are quite satisfactory to *them*. If pressed, some will admit that agriculture is being unfairly treated, but urge that the Radicals must be dished, and join in the cry that "Ulster comes first." But if any one must wait whilst "Ulster comes first" it should be the manufacturers who have just had their seven fat years, and not the struggling farmer; and if it must be "Ulster first" then, let Tariff Reform be postponed altogether, until the time comes when the full policy of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain can be reinstated. This attempt to muzzle the threatened farmer by such cries, assumes a curious aspect when we see that the Birmingham manufacturers refuse to wait at any price. Why will they not wait? Because they are stronger than the farmer, they can subscribe more to the Party funds, their votes are organised; and so the farmer must go to the wall.

This being the case the "Farmers' Tariff Union" urges every farmer to abstain from voting for, or supporting in any way, any Tariff Reformer.

They earnestly ask farmers not to vote, at the next election, for any candidate who supports these monstrous, one-sided fiscal proposals.

Farmers have not sought this struggle, it has been thrust upon them; but being so threatened they are bound to fight to the end.

As a farmer, I have dealt only with the farmer's case in this article, but the farm-labourers are in exactly the same awkward position as their masters. The Tariff Reformers promised them that they should benefit under Protection because, although the goods that they buy might be raised in price, their wages would rise still higher, by reason of the farmers' prosperity under Tariff Reform. But this promised prosperity for the farmer has been rudely knocked on the head so that the labourers—three-quarters of a million of them—are also left in the lurch. The result of the "Edinburgh Compromise" will be to raise in price what they buy, yet *decrease*, not *increase* their wages.

When the farmers revolted, Mr. Bonar Law made a totally inadequate attempt to offer them some recompense

for the loss they would sustain under his fiscal proposals, but neither he nor any Tariff Reformer has ever referred to the farm labourers' loss, nor made any offer to recompense *them*.

Being inarticulate, the labourers cannot put forward their case, but they will show their opinion at the next election. In the rural constituencies the Unionists will sustain a more overwhelming defeat than in 1906, and they will deserve their downfall.

The position of the Tariff Reform League has been pitiable since Edinburgh, as its best arguments were either based upon Imperial ideals or upon help for suffering agriculture. It has been compelled to an orgie of word-swallowing, unparalleled in modern politics, and I have been told that it has suppressed some of its agricultural leaflets issued under the "Old Scheme."

My story is done—so far—but this cannot be the end. There must be some statesmanship hidden in the Conservative ranks; there must somewhere be men of the old school who mean what Mr. Bonar Law said at Newcastle (1913): "That the Conservative Party can never stoop to catch votes by underhand tactics, but will sooner stay out of power altogether."

Free Trade can be reasonably argued, the full policy of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain can be cogently put forward, but a thing that is neither, that masquerades now as one, now as the other, staining the while the honour of a great party and threatening with disaster the most important of British industries, is a thing of shame that must be slain and forgotten.

Two Terrorists

By A. Neil Lyons

"You ought to put me in de papers," said Mr. Dimidor Stiffskofsky. "I am a singular man. I have had a great life."

And Dimidor Stiffskofsky's very large wife, who, like poverty and his ear-trumpet, was always with him, corroborated this statement.

"Yes," she said. "You must put Dimidor into de papers. He has had a great life."

Mrs. (or Madame, or Frau, or Gospadorin) Stiffskofsky nodded sagely—a confused conglomeration of chins.

"Once," said Mr. Dimidor Stiffskofsky, reminiscently, "once, when I was in Breslau, dey cut off all my gas. Also, dey put me into prison."

"Yes," assented Madame Stiffskofsky, "dey put him into prison. Also, dey cut off all our gas."

Madame Stiffskofsky spoke these words in a massive, tragic manner. She expanded her chest. She expanded her chins. She gesticulated.

Little Dimidor—a weazened person, in black suiting, with cigarette-stained fingers, a bald head, and a sparsely tufted chin, connected himself up to the ear-trumpet—an ear-trumpet of imposing dimensions. He said:—

"In Russia, many years ago, at the time when I was a student, they would have sent me to Siberia, but I retreated from the country, on board a ship."

"Yes," said Madame Stiffskofsky, "he retreated on a ship."

"I was extremely sick," said Dimidor.

"Heaven!" ejaculated his lady: "He was unspeakably sick."

"All Revolutionists feel sick at times," I submitted. "And anyhow, you got away. It was surely worth it."

"Got away!" repeated Dimidor. "Certainly I got

away! But where did I get to? I got to Middlesbrough. *Middlesbrough.* My God!"

The chins formed fours. And in an unemotional, and almost military manner, Madame Stiffskofsky repeated her partner's exclamation. "Middlesbrough. My God!"

"And you could write a whole paper-full," mused Dimidor, "about the trouble I experienced in getting to Middlesbrough. I had to go through Constantinople."

"And in Constantinople," remarked the voice beyond the chins, "they took away his trousers."

"That is true," cried Dimidor: "They deprived me of all decency. For days I was confined to a wet cellar. The Secret Police of Russia, they very nearly re-captured me."

"Also," added Madame Stiffskofsky, "he contracted dis pain in de ear. Dis pain has remained dere. It has always remained."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dimidor: "My ear! My poor ear! Oh, my dear friend, I have had a great life. You must put me into de papers."

"I will communicate," I said, "with the editor of *The Lancet*."

"You are kind," exclaimed Dimidor. "I ought to be put into de papers. I have had a great life. In America —at a place called Cincinnati—I was arrested by the Sheriff. They fined me One Thousand Dullars for raising a conspiracy at the Glue Works. But still I did not despair. I had still a little money, and I returned to England—to Middlesbrough—where my books and some of my best clothes, and my wife's best clothes, were still residing with a landlady of the town. I returned to Middlesbrough. 'The Social Revolution,' I thought, must still go forward!"

"Aha!" cried Madame Stiffskofsky: "The Social Revolution must always go forward. That is certain."

"At Middlesbrough," pursued M. Stiffskofsky, "I became confused in the minds of the authorities with certain absurd theoretical people—Trades Unionists, Labour Party men, and so on. I was much watched. But the Police need not to have troubled themselves. I was passive in Middlesbrough. I had studied Middlesbrough. It seemed to me that whatever else might happen to Middles-

brough, this town would not become celebrated as the English cradle of the Social Revolution. I therefore made no effort—no effort at all—to educate this city in the theories of Direct Action. But the police still interfered with me; so I had to go away from Middlesbrough. Ah, my friend, I have had a great life! You must certainly put me into de papers."

"You must put him into *all* de papers," stated Madame Stiffskofsky, in a dry, judicial voice.

"Having still a little money left—but not much," continued M. Stiffskofsky, "I then came to London. Madame Stiffskofsky, my faithful companion through all these troubles, came with me. We had made up our minds that whatever happened, whoever might suffer, at all costs, the Social Revolution must still go forward."

"Forward! Always forward!" quoth the authoritative voice of Madame Stiffskofsky, amid an imposing demonstration of chins.

"I had not been in London three months," pursued M. Stiffskofsky, "when, outside the Albert Hall, where a demonstration of our antipathy to what is called Justice was taking place, a policeman assaulted me with his mallet, entirely destroying my hat and two bones in my head. 'This,' I said to myself, 'becomes exciting!' Ah, my dear comrade, I have led a great life. You must put it all into de papers."

"All!" intoned the chorus of chins: "ALL!"

"Then," M. Stiffskofsky went on, "my money was all gone. And then it became a little hard for us. I was forced to learn the unpleasant process of sticking up cigars. Madame, here, trimmed hats. But we did not give in. We had our reward in the progress of internationalism, in the rapid development of the idea of brotherhood, in the glorious march forward of the Social Revolution. That was all which mattered to us."

"That was all which mattered," croaked the chins.

"But at this time, I am sorry to say," continued my celebrated friend, "there was a lot of untrue gossip going on among the thinking people of Aldgate, where we lived. It was said that we were married—me and Madame here. *Legally* married. It was very painful to us, this gossip. Because, since we were little: since we could think at all,

we have not believed in marriage. We have been free friends, always, Madame and I."

"Free friends—always!" testified that lady.

"So then, I would have gone away from London. But I had no money to go away. What a life this is!"

"Ah, I have had a great life. You must put it in de papers. It all deserves to be put into de papers." M. Stiffskofsky paused, and sighed. "When I next became an object for the police it was more serious. They were on horseback, and they were very large. It was when the women were defiant, and were marching in a body up to Parliament. I do not understand women: but I understand very well the idea of marching in a body up to Parliament. The large policemen, on their large horses, rode all among them, very roughly. And I was marching with them, and my passions were excited. So I pulled a large policeman on his leg, and I pulled him from his horse and he became a spectacle of amusement, and the mud was splashed into his face. So this time, it was serious. They put me into prison for one month."

"One month!" exclaimed the echo.

"And that was very hard," continued Dimidor. "There was no work at all when I came out, because they had determined my engagement at the place where cigars are licked. Also, Madame here had received an immediate dismissal from the shop which paid her for trimming hats. It was very hard for Madame. During many days, when I was in prison, she had no food to eat. I should not have blamed Madame, then, if in her despair she had become a little bit unfaithful to me."

"Ah, no," protested Madame: "I was too fat."

"Therefore, you see," pursued M. Stiffskofsky, "we have had a great life and we are deserving to be put into de papers, for an example to young brave people who think like we do. And all the brave young people will one day think like we do."

"One day!" said Madame Stiffskofsky.

"But there is one thing," added Dimidor, coming closer to me with his ear-trumpet: "There is one thing which you must *not* put into de papers. We are ashamed about it. It is the money which we now have, and which we have never earned. From the will of my uncle at Kieff, there

was a little money came to me—a few thousand roubles, a few hundred pounds. And my cousin at Kieff, my uncle's son, he wrote me a letter to tell me let the money stop with him for a little while: for a year, perhaps, because he was entering into a partnership over some oil-fields, in Baku, and there would be a great return from this. And so we were tempted to make more of our money. Life had been so hard to us. We had lived so many years so very cheap. And all for the Social Revolution."

"For the Social Revolution!" The voice behind the chins pealed forth in muffled, solemn tones.

"And so we wrote to our cousin, in Kieff, to keep the money and make more of it. And this he did. We now are very rich. We have three thousand pounds. But we do not live extravagant, and I swear to you that much of what we have is spent for others. We still think always of the Social Revolution."

"Always!" said the lady.

"But we do not wish that you should put this news into de papers, because de world does not always behave too charitable. We are ashamed of this money which we did not earn."

I uttered promises.

But M. Stiffskofsky is now dead. And when he died, Madame Stiffskofsky and her chins, his free friends, took laudanum, and became dead also.

So I feel that my promise is no longer binding.

The "Gunboat"-Carpentier Fiasco

By Nina Orr

THE night before the fight I dreamed—I fancy any impressionable girl would have dreamt after the stories I had heard from the men of the Gunboat's "right," and the ecstatic accounts of the Frenchman's beauty, which I had received from Maud who is studying the nude in Paris. It was about the eleventh round that the fight began to photograph itself in my brain. Till then I can recall little: it seems a blur, a whirl of lights and blows and naked glancing limbs, of sweat dropping on the boards, and now a roar, and then long patches of forgetfulness, broken by the merciful gong, and all the while, I had a feeling of pain in the pit of my stomach and a pulse at the top of my head kept beating and beating until I thought the drums of my ears were cracking, and I was going mad with mingled horror and excitement. Quite suddenly, these symptoms vanished. My mind became extraordinarily clear. The buzzing and singing in my head disappeared. I felt remarkably calm. My body seemed to be a single eye. I felt myself capable of any act of heroism. While the men were flapping towels at the two fighters in their respective corners, I looked round for the first time. On all sides sat famous Generals, Admirals, explorers, athletes, men of mark and action. Look where I would I could not see a weak, an undistinguished face. I never saw so virile, so national a gathering: I thought I could tell off the Wellingtons, the Nelsons, the Chathams, the doers, the discoverers, the pathfinders, the aristocrats, and there were men of lofty brow too, men with the deep eyes of thinkers and artists, and behind, row after row, filling Olympia, I beheld the flower of male England, so that almost I could feel how their muscles stood out under their evening suits, how the greatness, the manliness of the race

was concentrated there, following the national sport, like true-born English gentlemen.

And now the fight took on a totally new aspect to me, I saw when the Gunboat stood up for the eleventh round that he had been severely punished. His nose, I knew, had been broken in the fourth round, but I now observed that the left eye was completely closed, while one of his ears had been torn off. His opponent was in even worse plight.

His left wrist was broken. His tongue had been bitten in half from the jolt of an upper-cut which caught him while he was licking his lips, which is a habit of his, and he seemed to have no face at all, no shape to it; yet both men were absolutely undaunted.

It gave me a thrill of pride to see the referee standing in the corner of the ring—with fighters like that there was nothing for him to do, the Gunboat would never hit low; the presence in the Ring of the Referee was merely a matter of form.

I shall never forget that fourteenth round. The Gunboat seemed to go punching mad. With a terrific left he knocked Carpentier against the ropes, hooking, left, right, three times in succession, on the rebound, finally sending the Frenchman three feet up in the air with a blow under the jaw that I thought must kill him; and yet the French boy rose to take four more counts before the gong providentially "saved" him.

"He'll be out this round," I heard a man say, but no, though dripping with blood, the Frenchman stood up smiling, feinted—swung—missed—feinted again and, dashing in, caught Smith on the body, sending him heavily to the boards. When he rose at the call of nine, I could see some of his ribs protruding. At the sight of them, Carpentier smiled all over his battered, raw face. Like a tiger, he sprang at the American, crouching so low that evidently Smith was afraid to hit out for fear of striking too low. The rest of the round is too horrible to think of. Smashing with both fists, like sledge-hammers, at Smith's body, Carpentier hit the American almost at will; the snapping of ribs sounding like broken crockery, it was Carpentier's round all through. The next two rounds were also his, but still Smith stood up, swung rights over Car-

pentier's head, though four more ribs were broken, and his nose was now completely bashed in, and he had hardly a tooth left in his jaw.

But in the eighteenth, Smith, strange to say, revived, and began to change his tactics. Standing in the centre of the ring, jabbing in his protruding ribs every now and then with magnificent *bonhomie*, he took Carpentier's full measure, much as a painter is supposed to use a marl stick.

He stood so still that I suppose the Frenchman got careless, anyway, he uncovered within reach of the famous "occipital," and received it full on the spot. The force of the blow sent him right over the ropes, but his manager and bodyguard of seconds were ready, for catching him in their arms they managed to toss him back into the ring before he was counted out, where he promptly took another hook. On his staggering to his feet, he was again floored, but this time the rest seemed to revive him.

To my utter surprise, he got up, like a new man, smiled, crouched, and sprang suddenly four feet in the air, felling Smith in his descent with a blow on the nape of the neck that might have killed an ox. The whole house "rose" as one man. It was one of those blows that make history or controversy, for they seem to be much the same thing. It was a new blow—a new kind of blow. No man had ever seen the like. Neither Lonsdale nor Queensberry had any solution to offer. A new technique had suddenly arisen. It was a blow from behind—on top—from the air —an airman's blow, "not the punch of a bloody fighter," as a gentleman next me expressed it.

"The influence of these infernal Russians," another man said. "You're not at Hendon," shouted a third; but there lay Smith, and then I heard Mr. Corri call out loudly, "Four . . . . Five."

Suddenly a great silence fell upon the vast assembly. Carpentier stood erect, smiling through what had once been a face but now had no shape whatever.

Six. . . .

Smith seemed to move a leg, the tension became appalling.

Seven. . . .

Yes, Smith was reviving. Plainly he had not been killed by the blow. He would live (I felt so glad) to

explain its nature and effect. O, how I hoped he would not be too manly and would take his count, even if he did come to!

Eight. . . .

Smith kicked out with an arm, a leg; he sat up, smiled; actually smiled.

Nine. . . .

Great Heavens! Smith was calmly fixing in his ribs on the floor prior to rising. Now he was on one knee, on both, was it possible? Surely his neck was broken! I could have shrieked. "Stay down, man" (I longed to shout), "we don't want to see you actually killed," but there, the man was up, his neck all twisted awry but still game, with the blood trickling from his ears, and, at that moment, the gong sounded.

Some wanted to stop the fight, for though Smith, actually, had not been knocked out, having risen just before the call of ten, his neck had been twisted round to such an extent that he looked like a man with his head screwed on the wrong way, and it seemed impossible for him to continue.

Carpentier offered to forfeit the purse in consideration of the American's gallantry, but Smith would have no "French politeness."

"I guess I'll do that air-trick myself," he shouted, and the huge audience loved him for his pluck, and even Carpentier's manager bowed. I thought of the days of the Black Prince. Now it was the nineteenth round.

To see Carpentier at all, Smith had to stand with his back to him, for he could not turn his neck, and Carpentier, not wishing to hit a man behind, was obviously puzzled to find an opening.

Suddenly, with the chivalry of his race, Carpentier put his left hand behind his back, and called out to Smith: "One arm only," whereat Smith smiled, bowed, and swung it.

Carpentier took it grimly, swung back, received another, gave a third, and so they stood slogging at each other without defence—"to give us our money's worth" (my cousin said)—and I never would have believed men could give and take such blows.

Suddenly, Smith's head seemed to be falling off. He

paused, and holding it on with his left, he came at Carpentier on the run, and hit, I suppose, about as hard as mortal man can hit. I can hear the thud now. The French lad fell like a stone to the floor, and Smith, overbalancing, fell across him on both knees.

"One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine." Smith made a last effort. Raising the insensible Carpentier up on his feet, he managed to hold him erect as ten was called, himself falling backwards, lifeless. It was the supreme act of chivalry. For, technically, Carpentier had won. We all jumped to our feet, even anti-Americans shouting, "Yankee-doodle for ever," and then a great hush fell upon us, and Mr. Corri stepped pleasantly forward.

"A draw," he pronounced. "Each man has knocked the other out."

It was with the recollection of this dream-drama burnt into my mind that I went with my boxing cousin and a party to Olympia to see the fight of the "century."

To my astonishment, and somewhat to my disgust, I was disappointed, even bored. I saw no Generals, no Admirals, no very distinguished men; instead of brawn, virility, there seemed to be a lot of flabbiness about me, baldness, middle-age, pot-belly. Dissolute eyes, receding chins, low-foreheaded youths, pendulous jowls, for the most part, an audience "out of condition," decidedly common-place. Not at all the crowd I had expected. Surely not England's first-line men! They seemed to me mainly a spectacular lot, like the bejewelled women one sees in boxes at Covent Garden, as out of place, that is, in the theatre of real drama as those women are, musically, in the presence of art.

Instead of feeling awe, I have an unpleasant sensation of theatricality. The atmosphere is that of the showman's. The ring itself, the new ropes especially, look genuine enough, otherwise I cannot say I am impressed. Certainly there is a feeling of expectancy, of tension, but somehow it looks very like a big Fair such as one finds on the Continent, and if a burly, fat man had got up and beaten

a drum, I should have regarded it as entirely in keeping with the proceedings.

I am glad when Carpentier steps into the ring.

A nice lad. A charming boy, his hair brushed like a young Englishman's, almost frail-looking as he sits there in his chair, his sleek, olive skin glowing with health, moistening his lips, now smiling at friends, now disappearing behind the cluster of seconds and auxiliaries who fidget and fuss about him.

Enter the Gunboat.

He has the traditional prize-fighter's face, square-jawed, bullet-headed, flat-nosed, a punch-ball face, but looks jolly enough. Not a bad fellow plainly. When he throws off a very ugly dressing-gown and stands up in the most hideous coloured drawers imaginable—a colour so outrageous as to be positively comic—I feel I know the man—a bully puncher, no doubt, but no artist-fighter, no thinker of battles, and against him, Carpentier, in white and pale blue, with his charming manners, his mien of intelligence, his feline poise, his splendid running muscles, his *je ne sais quoi* of vicious strength and conscious grace, looks to me, ignorant as I am, all over a winner. I say so to my cousin, who reminds me impressively of Smith's "right." My cousin knows what he is talking about; all the same, Smith looks just big and strong and angular to me, whereas the French boy, with his curious air of calculating confidence, fills me with apprehension, for here, I feel, is the combination of strength and mind.

The moment the two men face one another, I know I am right.

The Gunboat wears what is called a jovial smile. It seems to say "Poor little fellow. Well, you'll catch my right soon," and so the fight begins.

The Gunboat swings all the time, Carpentier ducking, never so much as getting touched. To my surprise, there is no blood. The fighters lean heavily upon each other, jabbing at the kidneys, I am told—at least, Smith jabs—and once or twice he comes so low at the Frenchman that the referee touches him on the shoulder and says something; warns him, my cousin whispers, and I feel puzzled, for I had always heard that hitting below the belt was unfair.

After the first round, I ask about this, but the only answer I get is that Smith "fights low."

"Break away!" More heaving, pressing, pushing.

"All right, Sir," I hear Smith say—he had been warned again. But how is this, I ask myself? Are there no rules? Why is it necessary to warn a man not to punch low, unfairly, against the rules? They don't do that at cricket, or football, or tennis, or polo. "Break away!" I begin to get nervous, pained, disillusioned. Suddenly, Carpentier hits Smith. Then I notice that in the in-fighting, the Frenchman has the best of it all the time; Smith's face grows red; the patronising smile has gone; he tries to be cheery—"Dear, O, dear," he says in a clinch, but Carpentier makes no sign, he dodges round, licking his lips, and then again the gong sounds.

This was not what I had dreamt or expected. I remembered Masefield's fight, the description of pins run into the quick of the nails to revive and stimulate the man, and here am I not half so much thrilled as I was at the "Master Builder."

Another round takes place, and I am actually getting bored. I can see that Carpentier is the cleverer boxer; he keeps Smith on the go, swinging, missing, and puzzled; he seems to have no difficulty in dodging the American's punch; he fights with astounding coolness; and in the in-fighting he keeps on getting in nasty blows, which I feel sure, from the jolts of the Gunboat's head, must be much harder than they would appear. "Upper-cuts like the best niggers," a man says near to me.

No, I am not thrilled. The pressing, pushing, continues. Really, the heaving of sweating bodies is not exciting. I am getting tired of Mr. Corri's constant "Break away." The American lies heavily on the boy, then, in one of the clinches, I catch sight of Carpentier's eyes.

They do not move. They are wide open, fixed, terribly intent, cruel. I watch them measure an upper-cut, carefully, calmly. I see the whole purpose and ferocity of the intention reflected in them. Up comes the blow, raking Smith's face, the eyes of the Frenchman taking in quietly the exact measure of the effect produced. They fascinate me. I realise that this is no mere slogger. At

once I feel that this boy is the born fighter, that, scientifically, Smith is quite outclassed and out-generalled.

Even I can distinguish between the methods of the two men. Carpentier fights all the time with his head and always with reserve, coolly and calculatingly; always with both hands, fights, too, as he breaks away. Smith seems to rely on his punch, having swung, he has to recover; then he closes, leans, presses, pushes, and jabs one in without apparently much care, whereas the Frenchman never seems to waste his strength or hit without premeditation. I can see that Smith is the stronger, that if Carpentier lets him "land" one all would probably be over, but that is precisely what the French boy avoids, avoids with obvious ease, for he is faster, too, than the American, cleverer with his feet, and, it seems to me, fights Smith all over the ring.

The third round is easily Carpentier's. As a woman, I had expected to feel pity, to resent the brutality of the blows, but there is nothing cruel about this. It is schoolboy work compared with American football. This modern boxing has nothing in common with the old bare-fist work my father sometimes speaks of: it is rugged, rough sport, but, bless me, little more. I can find nothing degrading in it, barring its association with professionalism. I no longer feel ashamed of being present. To tell the truth, I feel "let down." "Ah!" Carpentier, who has been after Smith dangerously, feints, and gets his right in crack on the jaw, and down the big man drops.

Carpentier dances away and, for the first time, smiles. Smith takes the full count, deliberately, to rise with the gong.

Now I expect to see the Frenchman dash in and "finish" him off.

Not at all. Smith is not dubbed "Gunboat" for nothing; he is quite himself in the fifth round, and fights grimly. Carpentier gets in close and hammers him badly; there is a lot of pressing, leaning, heaving, shoving, and Mr. Corri is kept busy with his monotonous "Break aways." So the round ends. I fancy the big negro in Smith's corner looks a bit anxious.

Then comes round six and the—fiasco. Sitting right below, I see it all. After some fierce attacks, Carpentier

swings, misses, and over-balances, and, as he stumbles, Smith catches him a half-blow on the side of the head, which brings the Frenchman to his knees. He waits, poised, like a sprinter, crouching. Smith, having himself rather over-toppled, swings quickly round, sparring, evidently excited, apprehensive, ready to dash in. He rushes up to the French boy, raises his arm to strike, seems to collect himself, and, as the arm falls, half draws back, but strikes Carpentier foully on the nape of the neck—and at once the ring is stampeded.

Carpentier's manager rushes in, gesticulating like a Dervish, executes the foul blow in pantomime, while a posse of seconds crowd round Carpentier, who, to my astonishment, begins to kick and put his hands to his head, as if dazed. He is carried to his corner. The seconds intimate that he is "out." Pandemonium. Mr. Corri waves his hands deprecatingly. Smith looks on aghast, as if he had seen a ghost. The tall nigger at his side pouts like a schoolboy. It is over. The fight is awarded to Carpentier. People rise, boo, whistle, shout.

"Just what happened with Lang and Langford," my cousin yells.

"Is that all?" I gasp.

"All!" says a man behind me. "Didn't you see the foul blow?" and I am hurried out, wondering whether it was not a Shavian play and whatever I had induced my cousin to spend five pounds on it for.

All the way home we argue. Is it possible that blow of Smith's knocked Carpentier out? My cousin talks technically, tells me that a man kneeling is not taut, that a light blow might easily "put him out." I differ. I protest. The men laugh at me. At supper the argument grows heated. My father, who once knew a good deal about the ring, listens attentively. My boxing cousin admits the hesitation in the blow; admits that Smith evidently was wild at the time and tried to stop the blow; he admits even that the verdict was hard on him in the fight of the "century," that a big fight ought not to be decided like a golf match on a mere matter of technique. And at this my father smiles.

"It seems to me," he says, "technically, that Carpentier lost the fight, the moment his manager entered the ring,"

whereat we argue anew. All agree finally that it was a fiasco.

"Well," says my father, "the boys get the money all right, anyhow. That is why I don't go to these limelight fights. Carpentier gets his four thousand pounds. And now, well, now, don't you see? the affair can justifiably be staged again, and I suppose you foolish people will all put down your fivers once more."

"Father," I said, "I won't. Carpentier is certainly the better man, but I think, with you, that for once in a way, the American was out-bluffed, and I don't believe the Frenchman was hurt in the least."

"Quite so," said my father, swinging with his left at my cousin. "It will make another fight—see!"

The Picture Palace at Burlington House

By A. Stodart Walker

THE Burlington House Picture Palace has been showing to crowded houses. There are no fewer than two thousand two hundred and forty-five exhibits, never before seen in any picture show in London. It is a wonderful shilling's worth, and it has a charitable basis which should appeal to all. A large proportion of the takings go to a pension fund. This is probably why so many otherwise critical persons refuse to speak ill of the Royal Academy. There was once a heartless cynic who remarked, "Academicians are the very last people who should need pensions for their widows. Their indifference to Art ought to make them rich men." Popular painters, however, are not always successful domestic economists, so the pension fund does not lie idle.

In criticising the Royal Academy, it must be conceded that there are amongst its members a group who take a really profound interest in Art on the higher plane, to whom Art is something more than transcription and colour photography. Art to them is the expression of a personal emotion or experience, a means by which they reveal, by use of paint, plastic work, and graving, the knowledge, truth, insight, and emotion that is in them, the expression being made as perfect as possible by their facility in technique, which comprehends everything that is included under the terms perspective, drawing, design, style, tone values, and the rest. Apart from this group of artists in the higher sense of the term, there exists in the Academy a not inconsiderable number of quite intelligent men. Admitting their presence in the councils of the Academy, and we admit it without reserve, it is the output of this intelligence that makes most people angry; for despite the fact that all clean-minded persons hesitate to attribute an unkindly motive, yet circumstances are such that they are forced to

draw a deduction which seems indisputable. Conceding the fact for the moment that the Royal Academicians, who are masters in their own house, are sincerely interested in Art, why then do they plaster their walls with stuff that would disgrace a second-rate provincial hotel? Why do they adulterate their good wine with logwood or dilute it with water? There can be only one of two effective answers: either that we are quite wrong in attributing a sincere love of Art or an adequate knowledge of it, or that the main objective is the gate, a gate which they presumably think depends upon the exhibition of a few works of outstanding talent, the rest being on a sufficiently low level to tickle the curiosity and feed the sentimentality of the inartistic. That they may be wrong in believing that a raising of the standard would impoverish the gate for all time, I shall try to show later.

In the meantime, I have to note that a great hindrance to any reform of the Royal Academy is its colossal conceit. When its officials print the names of the exhibitors who may be distinguished members of other artistic bodies, they omit the courtesy of giving the artist any academic or other qualification he may possess, unless it be one bestowed by the Academy itself. They refuse to recognise any artistic body but their own, which leads at times to the most anomalous absurdities. As far as we know, no other academic body in the world is so preposterously vain and exclusive. A very glaring instance of this practice occurs in the catalogue for this year. Scotland's greatest artist, and, now that Mr. Sargent seems to have retired from the active practice of portrait-painting, probably the most distinguished living British portrait painter, Sir James Guthrie, with his masterly *Sir William Turner*, contributes to the Royal Academy for the first time for thirty-one years. During these years he has abstained from "sending" for reasons which all intelligent artists will respect. Last year a belated recognition came in the shape of his appointment, *ex-officio* as President of the Royal Scottish Academy, to the honorary membership of the R.A. Now Sir James Guthrie occupies what is the highest possible official position in Art for a Scotsman to hold—a position which means more to him personally and to his confederates in Art in the North than the Presidency of the Academy itself.

This springs not only from legitimate national pride, but also from the fact that the Scottish institution always strives to be representative of the truly living forces in Art, and has never taken into consideration the paramount importance of being a popular exhibition inviting a generous "gate." In its vanity and want of courtesy the Royal Academy, refusing to recognise anything except its own laureation, labels Sir James Guthrie not as P.R.S.A., but as H.R.A., and thus gratuitously offers a slight not only to the distinguished painter himself, but to the famous Academy of which he is the President, and from whose loins have sprung some of the greatest artists that have given authority to Burlington House. It matters not if a painter be an Academician of Parnassus or High Olympus, he need not expect the Royal Academy of London to recognise the existence of his *Alma Mater*.

While on this subject of consideration for feelings other than its own, I should like to speak of another form of discourtesy, markedly demonstrated this year by the treatment accorded to Mr. Oswald Birley's large portrait *The Lord Chief Justice*. The Academicians had every power to reject the picture if they thought fit, but they had no right by an ordinary, if not an academic, standard of courtesy and common-sense to flout the aim and indirectly belittle both the painter and the painted by plastering the canvas up near the cornice of the saloon, where it serves no purpose but to demonstrate the utterly futile and barbarous methods of Academy hanging. Artists are the most sensitive of people, and when the council as a body were dealing with this canvas, did not its members pause to think what would have been their feelings in the matter had they and their contributions been treated in a similar fashion? Shield themselves as astutely as they may behind laws and bye-laws, precedent and academic right, they have been found guilty of a callous indifference to a fellow-craftsman which casts a slur on their sense of *camaraderie*. Intoxicated with power, they seem to have lost all fineness of feeling and kindly consideration towards their fellow-workers in the republic of Art. Mr. Birley is not the only painter that has had to make a quite legitimate and entirely reasonable complaint. Over and over again in the past artists more distinguished

have been treated in this cavalier and utterly idiotic fashion, with the result that there are men of the first rank who have persistently refused to run the risk of being insulted by the Academy authorities, and have wisely held themselves aloof from Burlington House.

This leads me to the very evident corollary that the system of sky-ing is absolutely wrong in every case—whether the contributor be an accredited craftsman or a pavement artist. If a picture cannot be shown on the line, or what used to be called "the portrait line," it should not be exhibited at all. The present system of hanging on the line and then plastering the rest of the pictures as far as the ceiling, whether in line or, what is more general, without any sense of order, is a monstrous perversion of sense and taste, and is unfair to the artist, the critic, and the public. The ideal would be one line of pictures with a space between each frame, but as that seems too great a demand to make upon the sense of perspective and the sense of humour of the Academy, let us lay it down as an accepted principle that there should never be more than two rows of pictures. That is the practice, almost unbroken, of the Royal Scottish Academy, which makes their annual exhibitions a joy to the eyes, and assures to the artist an effective presentation of his work.

Space being limited, this ideal can only be achieved by two methods. The first necessitates the members of the Royal Academy consenting to an act of renunciation, similar to that agreed upon in the Northern Academy. No member or Associate ought to be allowed to contribute more than three pictures. As a general rule, it is the least significant painters who persist in sending the maximum number of canvases, while the illustrious ones are more modest in their contributions. Another method would be to have a definite amount of space allotted to each member. This might be the more satisfactory practice, as it would not prohibit a great artist like Mr. Sargent from sending a number of his smaller landscapes in oil or water-colour, or our most noted living etcher, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, from contributing several of his distinguished essays in black and white.

The second method of attaining the desired end would necessitate a complete revolution of the taste and ideals

of the Academy. We must be done for ever with all that artistically insignificant, dull, meaningless, insipid, fatuous stuff of the category of "Baby's First Tooth," "Grandfather's Slippers," and "Home from the War," and those oleographic presentations of "Love's Young Dream," "The Soul's Despair," and "Who is the Sinner?" for an epoch the crown and glory of the Royal Academy. I have hinted at the difficulties in the way of such a transilience. The chief one is a fear that such a policy would bleed the gate and turn the visitors to the Academy into a handful of experts and art-lovers as we find at the more eclectic galleries, such as the Grosvenor and the Grafton, instead of being, as at present, an assembly of the general public with a very small artistic conscience, many of them in chaos as to which is a good picture and which a bad, a considerable number belonging to that quaint body whose attitude to art is expressed by the old tag, "I do not profess to be a judge of art, but I know what I like," and the rest frankly concerned only with the sentimental appeal and the obviously "pretty picture."

If the Academy admits that an anæmic gate is their main fear in such a reform, with an impoverished pension fund resulting, then accepting this sacrifice of æsthetic morality and artistic responsibility for the sake of a policy of self-preservation, I would challenge the fact that the revolution aimed at would end in the *débâcle* feared. The large section of the community which fills the money-bags of the Academy likes that to which it is accustomed, but my not trivial experience of art education and art politics, as it affects the public, has taught me this. In no other sphere of the economics of life is education more rapid than in the education of a taste for good Art. As matters now stand, the Academy greatly underrates the artistic taste of the public. The *oi polloi* have been seeing a great deal of good art, and their knowledge is not so negligible as the Academy thinks. They have seen good and bad pictures hung together at Burlington House. At first they liked the bad, but latterly they have been contrasting the two, and have now got an inkling of what Art may mean. The great majority have still a liking for the policy of identification—that is to say, they like a picture which reproduces something *they* have seen instead of

rejoicing in an artist who shows them something *he* has seen. They have still a liking for detail and for minute and relatively unimportant points. Their minds still retain the literary and sentimental bias. But they have advanced despite of the efforts to hold them back; and if they began to see more good pictures they would lose their taste for the deplorable and the banal. For the majority, the Royal Academy is the only place where modern art may be seen. It still remains, despite its incongruities and anomalies, the citadel of British Art on the contemporary side, and, such being the fact, a terrific responsibility rests upon its shoulders by its consistent policy of accepting hundreds of canvases which are sadly and irretrievably bad, uniformly dull and insignificant, or respectably commonplace. As the observant visitor surveys the large gallery, the impression received is not inspiring. If a collector, critic, or connoisseur be seen, the facial expression is one of pathetic gloom or one that suggests a courageous attempt to conquer pain—expressions which are but temporarily relieved by the delicious enthusiasm of the Rev. Mr. Spalding and Miss Lydia Flowerdew as they gloat over some tender domestic incident presented for their edification by a painter whose one great ambition was to be hung in Burlington House, and who imagined that the acceptance of a canvas by the Royal Academy was the gateway to fame and fortune.

There is a great deal of pathos in considering the question from this deluded artist's point of view. In one's younger days, in the stories of an artist's struggles as presented in the popular magazines, the dawn of his triumph, after years of ineffective aspiration, was the acceptance of a picture by the Royal Academy, with a dash for the wedding ring and a house in Kensington:—"At this moment George flung himself into the drawing-room, wildly waving a paper. 'My picture is accepted by the Academy,' and with tears of joy his beloved and noble Angela sank into the arms of her hero. So after many days of storm the clouds lifted; through the dim mists of their happy tears they saw the harbour lights." It seems cruel to write a sequel to such a pathetic comedy. So we may leave the sentimental reader in his conviction that these two will be wrapped in a cloak of fame and luxury for all time.

Personally, I have always been haunted by the tragedy of these artistic dreamers, doomed to failure from the beginning. Behind all this mediocre prettiness which they present with their heart's blood, behind all this ineffective striving towards a goal which in the terms of great Art is no goal at all, lies the whole soul of the craftsman. Into his work he has put all he knows and most of what he feels. Anxious days and fevered nights, strivings of the spirit and grandiose excursions of the fancies are his masters, and the end of it all may be a picture hung up somewhere near the ceiling, resting in oblivion there till the day when the order goes forth to remove it to an even worse oblivion. These are amongst the tragedies of the painter's life. The refreshing fruit seems to be dangled before their eyes only to be snatched cruelly away.

"To lose what the people are gaining
Is often as bitter as gall
But to sink in the proud attaining
Is the bitterest of all."

Personally, I have far more respect for these poor dreamers without talent than for the popular painter who humours his reputation by turning out the same yards of mediocre canvas: year by year yards of fishing boats upon yards of sea; endless flocks of sheep on endless stretches of snow; the same insipid lover in the same insipid garden; the perpetual twelve feet of panoramic landscape, which once inspired a cynic to remark, "They have forgotten to take away last year's pictures." So long as the Academy continues on its present basis we cannot get rid of these canvases, but we can make the demand that they should be limited, as we make the more cruel claim that the door must be banged on the aspiring but ineffective craftsman who contributes his "Soul's Aspiration" and "The Mother's Dream." Art and humanitarianism can never go hand in hand, and it is the function of the Academy not to warm the heart and pamper to the vanity of the poor and inefficient, but to be concerned only with Art in its most living and most significant phases.

I have spoken of the conceit of the Royal Academy. I once heard two Academicians declare that the Academy exhibited all that was best in British Art. Conceit implies a want of the sense of humour, and if one is to receive a

kindly reception in Burlington House, one must leave the comic spirit at home. All that is best in British Art! A good deal that is best, yes—Sargent and Clausen, Orpen and Lavery, D. Y. Cameron and Lorimer, La Thangue and Brangwyn, Sims and Stott, McKennal and Derwent Wood we certainly find. But it is only after thirty-one years that Sir James Guthrie exhibits at Burlington House, and, I fancy, much against his will. Where, of the London men, are Nicholson and Pryde, Wilson Steer and Connard, Glyn Philpots and Ricketts, Walter Russell and Sauter?—of the members of the Scottish schools, Walton and Lawton Wingate, C. H. Mackie and Edwin Alexander, George Houston and James Cadenhead, James Paterson and John Duncan, W. Y. MacGregor and S. J. Peploe?—and, of the Irish school, Nathaniel Hone? Quite recently there died one of the most distinguished craftsmen that the generation has produced, Joseph Crawhall. Yet his name was practically unknown at Burlington House; and the same might be said of William McTaggart and Arthur Melville. It is not even necessary to drag in Whistler. As for foreign art, it might not exist so far as the Royal Academy is concerned. It was not at Burlington House we became acquainted with James and Matthew Maris, with Israels and Bosboom, Manet and Degas, Puvis de Chavannes and Fritz Thanlow; it is not there we look for Besnard and Mancini, Jacques Blanche and Maurice Denis, Mesdag and Boldini; it is not there we find Rodin.

I may suppose that the Royal Academy as a body, over which its younger eclectic members have little or no control, would seriously contend that the men I have mentioned are negligible quantities. There are many negligible quantities in the eyes of the Academicians. Last autumn a meeting was held in London in furtherance of a scheme for the establishment of a Ministry of the Fine Arts. It may be that the meeting was not officially called by the Academy, but it was a curious fact that of the names printed in the Press, almost the whole were of older members of the institution named. None of us with official positions in Art outside the Academy were bidden to the meeting. I did not see the names of Sir Hugh Lane or Mr. D. S. McColl, of Sir James Guthrie or Mr. J. L. Caw, of Sir John Stirling Maxwell or Lord Crawford, of

Mr. Aitken or Mr. Francis Howard. The absence was notable of those younger craftsmen who have given modern Art its living significance—a significance which the Academy has of recent years been compelled to recognise in their appointments of Messrs. Henry and Lavery, Orpen and D. Y. Cameron, Mark Fisher and Shannon to the Associateship. Those of us who have fought the cause of modern Art must not rest content with allowing this matter to be guided solely by the wish of the older members of Burlington House. If there is to be a Minister of Fine Arts, he must be one that is concerned with living Art and not merely academic artistry; and I sincerely hope that no Prime Minister will deceive himself or the public by imagining that the President of the Royal Academy, and the be-titled and thoroughly respectable group which are associated with his name and the older traditions of Burlington House, represent the feelings and aspirations of those who count in the Art world of to-day.

Let it not be imagined in writing this article that I look upon the Academy with disrespect. As I have said, despite its evil ways, it remains the chief citadel of British Art. The home of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Henry Raeburn, of Turner and Fred Walker, of Sir John Everett Millais and Sir William Orchardson, of Albert Moore and Charles Furse, must ever be treated with reverence. It is our veneration for the Royal Academy that prompts our desire for reform. I have no axes to grind nor logs to roll in this matter. I have sworn no vendetta, and have never vowed myself a member of any coterie. Despite the harsh things I have said in prose or verse about the Royal Academy, I have still a belief and a hope that with some such reforms as I have indicated Burlington House would hold a position in the world of Art which no other similarly constituted body could challenge for supremacy. There is no reason why it should not become a palace of delight instead of a place of despair. There is not a single art enthusiast of responsibility in this country who would not assist in helping towards the desired end. That assistance is not likely to be asked, but, at any rate, we can only hope that the Academy may come to see itself as others see it, and not allow itself in its self-righteousness to drift towards that doom when the public cry will be, "Take away that bauble!"

When Ulster is Excluded

By the Editor

As an expedient the Conference summoned by the King was no doubt justifiable on common-sense grounds, though the interference of the Sovereign in public affairs is a matter of doubtful wisdom. The blame, however, rests upon the Government, which has permitted a state of civil war to arise in Ireland, not making the smallest attempt to prevent it, and now finds itself in a highly critical condition which must now settle itself as it can. Probably only great strength, or utter weakness, can to-day prevent trouble in Ireland. All the same, Mr. Asquith is bound to continue his course; is bound to treat seriously the new artificial demarcation of geographical Ireland. Though there is no historical or even civic justification for the delimitation of Irish autonomy, a border question it remains and, somehow, on the old and grotesque lines of border feud politics its solution will have to be found.

But even that is preferable to insensate bloodshed. Religion is, and should be, a man's private affair, otherwise it ceases to be religion, and becomes the old-time tyranny of ecclesiasticism—which for centuries has been the incubus of fighting Christianity. If North Ireland objects to the Holy Ghost, that is no reason why the Pyx should not be worshipped in the South. Religion is not pig-droving. Mr. Asquith will be fully justified by posterity in refusing to drive any man's religious pig to market. If the Irish want boundaries, let them have boundaries, German fortifications, Church steeples, friars, copes, Abbesses or Rural Deans—all that does not signify to the *Statesman* in the least; his concern is the good government and progressive sanity of Ireland, to secure which end he has a clear mandate for Home Rule. His chemistry is not with the soul of

his people. The spirit will take care of itself, no matter whether through Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Besant, or any other discoverer of the elixir of immortality. The only thing that is quite certain is that Home Rule of a kind there now will have to be—by compromise or rifle. Most of us admit that to-day. The interesting question arises, "What will happen when Ulster is excluded?"

At first, of course, we may reckon with the usual stages of victorious pomp and jubilation, tocsins of joy in the South, pæans of thanksgivings in the North. The dignitaries of the rival Churches will have a tremendously ceremonial time; but almost in the first week the North will begin to feel that the Catholics are having rather the better of it, because, over and above the incense of *Te Deum* protestation, positive things will be getting done in Ireland such as were never seen before.

First, Parliament! Perhaps a grand Dublin inaugural procession, with Mr. Redmond throned on a gold chair, while, before him, march four of the prettiest girls in Ireland, communicants clad all in white, bearing on a red velvet cushion the bauble of Irish Constitutionalism. Then there will be the elections, the rush for seats, the clamour for posts, sinecures, secretaryships, places high and low, the new feeling of hope and independence, the framing of the Constitution and the talk about it in the Irish Press, the particulate deputations of the manifold interests, the demand for shorthand and leader writers in the newspapers all over Catholic Ireland, in short, pulsation, whereas all the Carsonite North can have will be the monotony of the drill-sergeants' strident "Attention"—"As you were," for all the change in novelty provided by a condition which upholds the *status quo*.

When Parliament opens and purple-clad envoys from Rome spread out their hands and bless it; when the poet, Yeats (possibly in the Chair), opens the Assembly with an eloquence only rivalled by Burke; when the law-givers find their seats, and things begin to go, and a dignified, wholesome atmosphere of efficiency and reform begins to radiate from Dublin, penetrating into the remote bog-huts of

Synge's "Playboys," rousing Lady Gregory's "workhouse wards" to pride of Imperialism, forcing even Parish priests to study Hallam on the British Constitution, then, of a surety, the business-men of Ulster will be after talking it over.

They will read with astonishment the wise, broad, dispassionate utterances of the Dublin Diet and perforce consider them. "This is not Papistry," they will exclaim *sotto voce*, "it was not for this that we stood out." Then, as the weeks go by, and they find that no Grand Inquisitor has been established, and reports come in from the hills that the priests are not "over-pleased" with the "modern" attitude of the Dublin legislators, that the curricula of village schools have been changed, brought up to German standards of education, and that there exists a forward movement on the part of young Ireland for disestablishment, we may be quite certain that the Northern business-men will begin to think.

As the "best" men in the Island they will have to think a bit. Soon, the economic side of things calls for consideration. All kinds of questions crop up, involving rates, dividends, shares, prospectuses, garden cities, land developments, shipping dues, freights, ports, railway traffic and what not other desirable enterprise of company commotion and promotion dear to every business-man's heart, and particularly so to the able men whose residence is in Belfast. Now they learn of new factories arising in the South of Ireland, hear of the House passing the second reading of the Great Port scheme, read of the stupendous impetus given to the Irish Southern Home Industries, and the stupefying fact that some of the English Dukes, instead of investing in Canada, are positively buying land for extension improvements and agricultural experimental colonies in the "rebel" South.

As time goes on, their qualms increase. A new type of politician springs up in the South, one man in particular making a great sensation in Parliament by a speech in which, commenting on the threatened declining trade of Ulster, he advocates the *laïcisation* of Government, as the

last bar to a single economic and progressive Ireland; and his peroration, "Gentlemen, we bear the North no resentment. We don't want to see our business brothers in the North impoverished. I therefore say to you, in the words of the Christ—'Suffer the Ulster children to come unto you,'" meets with unexpected and uproarious acclaim.

Such things naturally begin to puzzle the men of the North, who expected just the reverse. Besides, all sorts of complications are arising in the export and import trade which perceptibly has begun to suffer. Strikes break out in Donegal. There are ideas among the poorer classes of a "trek to the South." Liverpool merchants show signs of annoyance at the trouble involved by a schismic Ireland, which complicates their books and necessitates the employment of more clerks. "Why can't you Irish be Irish?" is the cry Ulster commercial travellers are met with; then, too, politically, they don't seem to "come in at all." Out of Dublin, they are out of Westminster. The Protestant women of Belfast look enviously at the splendid new uniforms and insignia of "authority" at Dublin. A pariah feeling grows up, a sense of "got leftness." "Nobody seems to look after us now," the old men whisper to one another. The "nobody" taint begins to catch on. Wilkie Bard, in London, makes us all sing a chorus at the Pantomime about it. As nothing succeeds like success, and English people never think of two things at once, Ulster and the Irish question are no longer even talked about in England, and no change can be got out of Conservatism anyhow. "We Killed Cock Robin," writes a revolting journalist in Belfast, "and now there is no one to sing for us."

Petty inconveniences begin which, as is their way, annoy terribly. Catholic Ireland seems to be having all the strawberries. Quite a new "society" has arisen in Dublin in which it is considered "bad form" to talk politics. Bernard Shaw and George Moore are officially invited to return to Dublin, and both write plays instead, which are produced at the new Abbey Theatre (pronounced by Gordon Craig to be the only playhouse fit to sit in) as National events. Dublin discovers a new newspaper

genius. Mysteriously, public benefactors arise; one buys the Phœnix Park and gives it to the public for ever to be used as a Municipal golf course; another pays for Ireland's first Dreadnought, to be presented as matricular contribution to the coming Federal scheme of offensive and defensive alliance between the English-speaking peoples. The western coast of Ireland is exploited by the railway companies and becomes the holiday resort of the English middle classes, the North finding itself rather neglected, owing to the severity of the Puritanical Sunday. The "nutty" thing to do is to run over for a ball to Dublin for the week-end. One of the sights of ocean travelling is the joy of the Irishman returning with pockets full of money to the "Old Country." A nation "in being," yet the North can only look on in Coventry and never a jig can they get out of it.

Things become proverbially Irish, topsy-turvy. The Belfast Socialists don't know whom to turn upon in the absence of any Protestant Governmental authority, whereas their "comrades" in the South have a Constitutional Party of their own, and make a fine uproar at Dublin, where Larkin and the others form a persistent and obstreperous opposition. Those who can and want to talk find there is nothing much to say. Ulster being just Ulster, precisely what it is, exactly where it was, while the talkers down in the South have so much material to draw upon that they hardly ever refer to the North at all, so preoccupied are they with the new National affairs. With no one to fight, no grievance to ventilate, no movement to stimulate, the Ulster hotspurs have rather a thin time of it. There is "nothing doing." Moreover, there can be nothing on, the Nationalists having the sole right of initiative in the country, going ahead, too, at an alarming pace, while Ulster, as the deliberate and conscious appendage of Westminster, sees all her dignity, importance, economic welfare, and political kudos sensibly diminishing, and no man, either in England or Nationalist Ireland, caring a twopenny damn about her.

The more assiduously Ireland weeds her garden, trims the hedges, transplants bulbs, sinks wells, waters the flowers, drains the waste and builds roads, the more curious,

envious, and discontented do the Ulstermen grow, for, like the poor man's patch next the rich man's garden, the sunflowers become particularly galling, jutting up over the partition wall, blocking out the light and casting dark shadows on the narrow pathway. And measure and investigate as they will, light, they find, is every man's property, and cannot be proscribed in a neighbour's area, nor, short of incurring the penalties of the trespasser, can they well interfere with the sunflower's exuberances, seeing that they are planted in lawful soil. So the situation rapidly becomes absurd, galling, idiotic. The poor begin to ask what they have got out of isolation, the rich begin to wonder why on earth they went into it. For Ulster, as the sulky head of Ireland, means nothing to either Ireland or England. Outlaws in Ireland, in England they merely represent the units of a county. All the merit seems to go to the South, all the striving of the Island, and part, too, of the interest on the interest. The political victory, now that it is won, bears no issue, and threatens to be, in every sense of the word, negational. Somehow, England, Westminster, the Tories, seem to be a long way off. For all that the Nationalists only have a torso of a Parliament, they are plainly doing very well; things "hum"; legislation is not so bad; and, strange to say, there is little feeling of animosity.

So it goes on until the wise business-men of Ulster take counsel together. One of them admits that Catholic Ireland has "behaved pretty decently," while another thinks she has done rather well. The Covenanters pull out the Covenant. "Is there a loophole?" Is Exclusion a finality? And this they discover is not the case, for in this world there is no finality. The politicians are sounded. Tentatively, very tentatively, the word Union is broached, the expression, Ireland, is used collectively, the idea, National, ceases to convey a reproach. The business-men remember that they are business-men, that there is no temper in business, no sentiment, no memory. There is something in insularity, they agree, there may be still more in solidarity. In their hearts the big national drum troubles them. As for the business vexations, they are utterly tired of them—"not worth the principle," they confess. In a

hundred ways, they are made to feel the absurdity of their position. The longest heads can see no way out of the predicament, for complaints are general, and, indeed, the whole public life of North Ireland is one continual vortex of annoyance and embarrassment. "It's no good beating our fists against the wall—if there isn't one," a prominent junior merchant one day observes and, thereupon, hearing that one of the Dublin Ministry is anxious to sell a hunter, down goes a representative business-man from Belfast to examine its teeth.

The teeth are good, the mare neither bites, kicks, shies, nor bolts. Over the figure with the whisky the opportunity arises. Nor do the pourparlers take very long. "Ireland for Ireland," say the Nationalists, "and let the denominations take care of themselves," which has come to be much of the Ulsterman's way of thinking also. Cardinals and business-men exchange visits and find out various interests and qualities in common. Finally, they agree that the Pit is a long way off, while Parliament is comparatively close. Then, of course, there is a general hulla-baloo which ends in a United Parliament.

Of course, there has been bloodshed, bones have been broken, hearts, vows, pledges, pates, etc., and for quite a little time it looked as if the horrors of civil war were really going to break out. Fortunately, Catholicism proved to be temporally up-to-date, and the Ulstermen, try how they would, could not find proper cause to get up anything more than a few local, if blood-thirsty, shindies. Gradually, too, other reasons prevailed. The moment Parliament began to work at Dublin, the able business-men of Belfast saw clearly that what had been possible at Westminster for so many decades was unquestionably feasible at Dublin, where there was not only more scope for forensic brilliance, but also more chance of a regular hand to hand skirmish. The idea of Dublin having all its own way, whereas even the "dullards" at Westminster never managed to, began to strike the Ulstermen as a new weapon to be forged. They argued that a good opposition at Dublin ought very easily, with the help of the O'Brienites, Labour, and the various other factions which had since arisen, to be able to maintain a

dominating influence in the House in exactly the same way as the Irish, with their coalition system, had governed at Westminster. The absent are always wrong. Even in war they felt this to be the case; nor was it very long before the utter failure of their political victory was borne in upon them with almost painful impressiveness.

That the Covenanters themselves dimly realise that they will not be able indefinitely to stand out is shown by various articles which have appeared recently in the Tory Press pleading for a dissolution and a general election, in the hope that in the advent of the Tories to power they and the Ulstermen will together manage to find a working solution. That is why irreconcilable opposition is obviously a mere strategy of politics. If the Tories came into power next month, probably Sir Edward Carson would at once try to arrange a new scheme which Ulster could accept, for he knows perfectly well that Home Rule will have to be given to Ireland, whether by the Tories or the Liberals. If that explains in part the frenzied desire of Conservatism to put the Liberals out, it cannot be held to be a serious reason for throwing up a policy which all Liberals are pledged to. Nor can there be any question of throwing it up. And if the Irish are determined to create disturbances we may be quite sure that they will succeed, and that no power possessed by the King, Mr. Asquith, or any other politician, can curb the Irish fratricidal instincts once the word "go" has been formally pronounced. In other words, the situation remains an "impasse," whatever political party is in power in this country, whatever solution is found, which by the nature of things must necessarily be purely temporary. Mr. Asquith must, therefore, go on. The Irish must be given Home Rule, and Ulster must be left to come in when she will. Such is the only way open to statesmen. Unfortunately, it would seem the only way open to Ireland.

Whatever the result of diplomacy, civil war, peaceful exclusion, or what not, Union must inevitably be the ultimate solution of the Irish crisis from the moment that an Irish Parliament is installed in Dublin. All the cogent

reasons of humanity and politics point that way; that the Covenanter business-men of Ulster seriously think otherwise is scarcely to be credited. It is for that reason that Mr. Asquith is entitled to pay out the painter of compromise to the full ends of political prudence. When Home Rule is a reality, the shrewd business-men of Ulster may safely be left to discover for themselves, not only the advantages they have lost by their short-sighted opposition, but what they stand still further to lose by any continuous policy of Exclusion in the re-shaping and reconstruction of the Irish people.

Books

BIOGRAPHY

OSCAR WILDE AND MYSELF. By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS. (John Long, Ltd.)

The national hypocrisy has never been so crassly revealed as in the sickly controversy which has gone on about Oscar Wilde ever since his death. In no other country would such an attitude be possible—the Germans took Wilde up originally because we didn't—but there it is, after Ransome Douglas, and we are promised yet another book of revelations which, no doubt, will start the hare afresh. Let it be said at once that THE ENGLISH REVIEW will have no part in the mire. Let it further be said that we agree with Lord Alfred Douglas in his critical estimate of Wilde, in his lifetime always a poser, albeit a very clever one, who, now that he is dead, we wish to judge purely as a literary artist, as we would judge any other writer. With the Wilde boom, we have no sympathy. Excepting "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," we can find no great literary qualities in Wilde's work; his plays are certainly far inferior to Shaw's; as a poet, he is second-rate. What Lord Alfred Douglas says about Wilde, the writer, we consider to be the truth, both well and needfully said, but that is not the purpose of the present work, which has been written to prove the author's innocence and propriety. The author claims the right to be heard. In this volume, his case is presented with an almost unholy plausibility—in places it reminds one curiously of Frank Harris; and what he says is that he never knew of the unpublished part of *De Profundis* until the Ransome trial (of Wilde's accusations, that is), that he was ignorant of the practices for which Wilde was condemned until Wilde's fall, that he, himself, has been a martyr to his friendship for Wilde, being himself entirely innocent of the charges commonly levelled against him. Into this part of the matter we are not going to enter. If so, then Lord Douglas has been the victim in a very extraordinary case. Anyhow, here is his statement, which is a document of psychological interest.

As for his pontifical moralisations, his denunciations of modern tendencies, these are not likely to be taken

seriously; his public utterances in the Press and in the courts testify to the man—nor has anyone ever yet accused Lord Alfred Douglas of nobility. In the pulpit to-day he misses fire.

Quite apart from the Wilde controversy, Lord Alfred Douglas has a public record difficult to bring in harmony with the display (in this book) of conscious saintliness.

ECONOMICS

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By JAMES MAVOR, Ph.D. 2 vols. (Dent and Sons.) 31*s.* 6*d.* net.

Dr. Mavor, who is a professor in the University of Toronto, has placed the Englishman who is interested in Russia and the problems of its social and economic history heavily in his debt. Not since Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's exhaustive account of Russia's organisation and resources appeared in 1877 has so notable a contribution to our knowledge appeared in English literature.

Dr. Mavor's twelve hundred close-packed pages are the fruit of the investigations of this generation of modern Russian scholars, and their vast scope, as well as their value to economic history, are indicated in the sub-titles: Vol. I., The Rise and Fall of Bondage Right; Vol. II., Industry and Revolution. If a single sentence could express the fundamental theory which the Russian Autocracy has inherited and has developed since the accession of the Romanov dynasty in 1613, one would select the following: "The interests of the people were of concern to the Sovereign only in so far as they conformed to the interests of the dynasty—in other words, the household existed for the House." And the significant corollary which explains the gradual transformation of "the free peasant" into the serf is found in the over rapid territorial expansion of Russia, which, while exhausting the national resources, piled the burdens on the common people, and enriched the upper class at their expense. No wonder that the gospel of Imperialism (and Russia is *par excellence* the Imperial State), is promulgated instinctively by the ruling classes. Many of the same phenomena that accompanied the over rapid expansion of the Roman Empire, and ultimately destroyed it, are to be seen in Russian history. While the peasant, or labourer, became tied to the land-owner, legislation of the State became practically the ex-

pression of the will of the official and land-owning classes. "The ruling class became economically and morally estranged from the governed mass." "Civilisation became a class monopoly." And later, in the eighteenth century, "the establishment of factory industry benefited the Treasury and enriched individuals, but remained without favourable effect upon the working masses."

According to Kluchevsky, by this period the evil of "bondage right" was a menace to the State, but "the official class, chewing over the same plans, and postponing the question from reign to reign by pusillanimous efforts at improvement, kept the solution hanging like a nightmare over the country," till at last the fall of Sevastopol struck home and showed the absolute necessity of the Emancipation. But the peasant still bore the burdens. High taxes, want of agricultural capital, lack of credit, and lack of education, "combined to keep him in extreme poverty."

The struggle of the Russian people for political liberty and rights of citizenship is now and henceforward bound up with the question of their discontent with their economic conditions. The *intelligentia's* struggle, active or passive, against the autocracy was doomed to be unsuccessful till both the urban working men and the peasant became ripe for political propaganda.

And this favourable movement arrived suddenly in 1899, when an industrial and commercial crisis brought together the starving urban workers and the revolutionary elements; the conflict of the labouring class with the capitalists becoming speedily identified with the demand for political rights. The weakening of the Government, through Russia's defeat in the Japanese war, created a momentary fusion of all "the oppositional groups," but, as Professor Mavor points out, "when positive action came to be necessary, the groups divided into factions. The extreme groups were irreconcilable, and could not act in concert, the employing class became alarmed by the excessive demands of the working men, the liberal landowners feared the vengeance of the peasants, and the autocracy was given time "to collect its demoralised forces and overcome the extreme factions." The revolution, in fact, failed through the incapacity of the average Russian for political action and his refusal to compromise. Whether time will educate him it seems impossible to say. Professor Mavor's last word is that "no political change which was not accom-

panied by profound social readjustments would be likely to produce any serious effect." We may therefore predict that any successful revolution in Russia, whether it is precipitated by industrial misery under capitalism or not, will end in "a social revolution" of the most sweeping kind.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. By JOSEPH MCCABE. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

Estimates of living writers are dangerous experiments for all concerned; in the case of Bernard Shaw, the attempt would almost appear hopeless—yet, strange to say, Mr. McCabe has succeeded where, perhaps, no other writer would have dared to tread. It was certainly not easy to write truthfully about G. B. S.—now the idol of the Press—to write tactfully, dispassionately, learnedly, reasonably, fairly about him—to place Shaw on the vivisection table, in short, and scientifically dissect him; this amounts to a feat of constructive criticism so rare in these days as to amount almost to a sacrilege. However, there it is. Mr. Shaw has received his epitaph in full career. What needed saying badly has actually got said. And what is more, intellectual England will be after thinking pretty much alike about the greatest talker of his time who, for all his paradoxes, "arabesques," Hibernianisms, and somersaults has got found out.

Mr. McCabe, while sincerely admiring, while insisting upon all the brave, good English things done by Bernard Shaw, is under no delusion, and vivisects him like a cool Edinburgh surgeon. He takes him piece by piece, his arteries, his muscles, his organs, his blood, his pulse, his "guts," and finds that, constructively, the genius of Shaw lies in criticism. He is the critic of the age—astonishingly courageous, independent, penetrating, receptive, a *Bahnbrecher* who will go down to posterity as a first-class fighting man. Mr. McCabe arrives at this conclusion by careful appraisement of Mr. Shaw's other qualities, which he finds wanting in depth, logic, thought, knowledge, and judgment. His philosophy Mr. McCabe shows to be a temperamental attitude, in which personal sympathies and antipathies have counted far more than scrutiny of realities; in short, Bernard Shaw is shown to share the bourgeois ignorance of philosophy as of history, of biology as of

religion, of science as of languages, a man of little Latin and less Greek which, if it does not detract from his creative faculties, does put him out of court when serious matters come up for serious contemplation. Here is the conclusion. "In tracing Mr. Shaw's influence we must acknowledge that he has been a brilliant failure as a constructive thinker, and must count him only as a wholesome, stimulating, and thought-provoking agency in the life of his time."

That is probably the opinion now of intellectual England. Shaw stands to-day as chartered humorist. Even his Socialism is the matter for giggles to his audiences. Constructively, Shaw is curiously ineffective. On Ireland, this man "of destiny" has nothing to say; all that we know is that the British public liked "John Bull's Other Island," because they thought England was made to get one back on the Irish. Abroad, too, Shaw's reputation rests on humour. Paris has never taken to his plays, largely because of their absence of wit and the illogic of the humour, and, for the same reason, Paris neglects Peter Pan. In America, Shaw's fame depends largely on the Irish, anti-English element. It is one of the paradoxes of reputation that Shaw is witty—he is not. Zangwill is witty, Wells is witty; like Mr. Shaw's reputation for naughtiness, his wit rests chiefly upon rumour.

Mr. Shaw, on sex, provides the author with the opportunity of the *scène à faire*. He shows Shaw to be singularly ignorant about sex. Shaw's dictum that "marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity," he holds up as characteristic of Shavian silliness. Only a man ignorant of sex could have written that. Precisely the reverse is true of marriage, the bane of which (as the women are telling us) is intimacy. This is Shaw, the epicene juggler. It won't do. The silly public which now giggles at all his jokes would no doubt call that "witty." But Shaw's fault is that he thinks it is true. And so the vicious circle of Shavian humour continues, so that to-day the more serious Shaw is the more the public grins, and the more fatuous are the things he stuffs them with the more brilliant the public thinks them. Shaw, on sex, is comic; in Paris they cannot see any point in his attitude which belongs to the peculiar English school of asexuality, about which some day an interesting tome will be written. Anyhow, Shaw's weapon

is humour—English humour, which consists largely in paradoxical topsy-turveydom, the intellectual derivative of horse-play and what is called "ragging." Shaw is essentially a "ragger," and it is in that capacity that the middle-classes now revere him.

Shaw, on sex, cannot be continued here. We advise those interested in the question to get McCabe's book which, if it reduces Mr. Shaw's halo to tangible bourgeois dimensions, acknowledges to the full the Irishman's usefulness, his courage, vigour, intellectual power, honesty, and example. It is not often one comes across a dead straight piece of criticism, and Shaw will be the last person to object to it. What McCabe shows is that although Shaw is the most brilliant playwright of his time, one of the keenest intellects, and admirable as an influence, he yet, constructively, has not built high edifices or contributed materially to the thought and movement of his time. That is to say, that Shaw remains the supreme entertainer. This is a very personal, very honest piece of work.

FICTION

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Eveleigh Nash.) 6*s*.

Mr. Niven has sufficient discernment to foresee what we have to tell him: that he can do considerably better than in "Justice of the Peace." It is heralded by a letter to a friend; not exactly a *captatio benevolentiae* contrived to disarm the critic; but to set forth certain views which may help the reader to understand what follows. They do help him—up to a point; they make him realise that Mr. Niven, like other authors, is not altogether insensible to the difficulties of writing a good novel. So far good. And the tale glides along smoothly enough; Mr. Niven knows his Glasgow—its art-life and commercialism; he has carefully portrayed the amiable and respectable merchant, Ebenezer Moir; his son Martin, who is enthusiastic for art; and the woman of the family, a cold-blooded spouse and mother, who is the evil angel of the group. She is like De Quincey's mother in her chill self-righteousness, but surpasses that dame in being full of religious and eugenistic fads as well—altogether, a ferociously unlovable personality, who never says a kindly thing and never does a wise one. For some dark reason, she is always hostile to her

son's artistic aspirations; she is surpassingly disagreeable, also, towards her husband.

Well, there is the *motif*—a perverse and domineering female and two meek, gentlemanly males who always give way to her. She wins all the tricks in the game; she annoys father and son to such an extent that they finally *die*. Yes; they allow themselves to be actually nagged into their graves, like a couple of damned fools.

The subject is not exactly exhilarating, and would be painful and even objectionable were the narrative not besprinkled with all kinds of other gossip—some good, some hopelessly irrelevant. There are pages, ten at a time, of superbly boyish chatter about nothing at all—the Anglo-Saxon note of futility. But the sinister impression remains.

Has our author written such an ultra-pathetic story to catch a certain class of readers who like their bowels of compassion moved by an emetic of this kind? Possibly. But we are not moved; we are simply annoyed—annoyed with Mr. Niven who, as an intelligent and virile writer, might have struck out into something more original. After all, the misunderstood son is rather *vieux jeu*. And it is positively revolting to see these two great, big, grown-up men, the son and the father, slowly sapped of their life-blood by a frowsy female nonentity. It upsets one's whole sense of terrestrial values. Why did Mr. Niven not make them put their heads together, like sensible fellows, and devise a way of suppressing this mother—this Family Nuisance? Not necessarily *viâ* the lethal chamber (though that would have been the simplest solution to the problem), but—say—by packing her off to Canada, or keeping her gagged in some dark cellar for ten years or so? That would have made a really "happy" ending; the son would have married the girl of his heart and grown into a second Velasquez—the father, free from his married nightmare, might have entered upon a new flirtation with "Jessie Ray," or some other pretty woman. Much better than allowing themselves to be killed in this preposterous fashion! And then, only think of the Grand Reconciliation, when a letter arrives from Canada, imploring pardon and promising amendment; whereupon the two magnanimous males decide to give the Family Nuisance one more chance, by installing her as house-keeper or cook. The "reformed mother," a character as rare as it is

pleasing! For that, of course, is the rational way to treat such women, whether in literature or in real life. As for these nauseously-chivalrous man-martyrs—they are much too common just now, both in fiction and in fact.

THE JUDGE'S CHAIR. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (John Murray.)

This collection of seventeen Dartmoor tales is rich in those qualities that have so justly brought fame to Mr. Eden Phillpotts. There is in it the mellow strength and delicate insight characteristic of the author, the sane and shrewd outlook reflecting the moods and manners of his folk. When Mr. Phillpotts is tragic he is never like Mr. Hardy, depressing; he accepts Fate with a genial resignation. And in the simplest merrymaking he finds solace. He is, in fact, as cheery as the Dartmoor farmers and publicans who fill his pages. He has reaped their wisdom and enjoyed their follies.

In reading these stories the most casual reader must be struck by the felicity with which Mr. Phillpotts describes his women. Biting tongues, warm hearts, clever brains, most of them possess; none of them are those sentimental dummies that debase fiction. Some bully the men, others trick them, others save them: all are warm with the blood of life.

Drusilla Copleston, Mother Trant, Joanna Wedlake, Dorcas Gooding are sufficiently vigorous to enliven the most anæmic atmosphere. Drusilla Copleston chooses the amiable Jonathan in preference to Silas, his relentless brother. She braves the fury of her father and the hatred of Silas, who loves her. Mother Trant, the sagacious midwife, preserves her daughter's good name at the risk of her own reputation. Joanna Wedlake and Dorcas Gooding are hucksters who have no liking for love. The former declares "you might so soon expect honey from a beetle as sense from a man." However, both, in peculiar circumstances, find marriage.

Of the stories, "The Two Farmers" is, perhaps, the most remarkable, and "The Wife" the least satisfactory. In "The Two Farmers" we have the pitiless Silas, whose "eyes were pale blue and as hard as a spring sky when the wind blows easterly." We have his craven brother Jonathan. Never has Mr. Phillpotts presented two finer portraits. The tragic feud between the brothers is told

with consummate power. In "The Wife" Mr. Phillpotts is not convincing. The reconciliation between husband and wife seems forced, and the length of the tale is hardly in proportion to its merit. These Dartmoor folk are often as garrulous as starlings, and Mr. Phillpotts at times is unduly tolerant of their prolixity. However, the wise reader will probably enjoy these tales as he enjoys fine weather, without allowing the shadow of criticism to disturb his peace of mind.

ME AS A MODEL. By W. R. TITTERTON. Illustrated by Edmund Blampied. (Palmer.) 5*s.* net.

A youth who was original and disobedient enough to overturn his safe stool in a London office and depart for Paris to be an artist's model certainly should prove a companion interesting enough to make one miss church on a wet Sunday. But when he writes the story, and now and then in it catches the sparkling reflection of the rebellious mood in which he put off his black uniform to appear in the buff, then one's orthodox engagement is likely to be forgotten till it is too late to keep it. Paris, youth, and naughtiness! But if any staid person should imagine that this book reveals, in that frank and artless manner of the sophisticated stylist, a story of the pursuit in a lawless place of the secret day dreams of hot youth, then they should not buy it, for they will be disappointed; though something of that is in it, of course. Mr. Titterton seems to have spent a more or less happy time in the quarters where art and poverty are supposed to release one to a jolly freedom—where the conventions of those who think they have two lives to spend, and prefer to take no chances, are only amusing. But Mr. Titterton, product of cold baths, wheaten bread, field sports, and nonconformity, cannot quite forget his heredity and early environment. He gives the idea that he did not altogether mix, as of the same element, in the carnival of the students and models. The hussies, without invitation it seems, flung themselves into his lap; but his Sundays-at-home succeeded in repelling the foreign invaders. As a consequence, his Sterne-like gaiety has the air of being a little shrill, like that of the democratic curate at a day out with the factory girls in Epping Forest. (Dammit, I will be happy!) His high spirits and staccato cries of vitality seem somewhat forced occasionally, as though he judged the job and the subject

demanded this style, yet found it hard to keep it up. But the reader notices it, and wishes the joy looked a little less laboured. Yet even Pan, of course, would find trousers an impediment; and that is Mr. Titterton's trouble. Again, there surely was more in his experiences than those which demanded such an abandon. Now and then one wishes he had taken the opportunities—he indicates they came within his life in Paris—to make his Bohemian figures nearer to us; more human. But that would have needed greater art and more time; he would have had to see a larger world than apparently he desired for the scope of his work. Well, then, this will do for a good holiday book. The illustrations are delightful.

POETRY

NORTH OF BOSTON. By ROBERT FROST. (David Nutt.) 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is a collection of dramatic narratives in verse. Some are almost entirely written in dialogue: in only three is the poet a chief character, telling a story, for the most part, in his own words. Thus he has got free from the habit of personal lyric as was, perhaps, foretold by his first book, "A Boy's Will." Already there he had refused the "glory of words" which is the modern poet's embarrassing heritage, yet succeeded in being plain though not mean, in reminding us of poetry without being "poetical." The new volume marks more than the beginning of an experiment like Wordsworth's, but with this difference, that Mr. Frost knows the life of which he writes rather as Dorothy Wordsworth did. That is to say, he sympathises where Wordsworth contemplates. The result is a unique type of eclogue, homely, racy, and touched by a spirit that might, under other circumstances, have made pure lyric on the one hand or drama on the other. Within the space of a hundred lines or so of blank verse it would be hard to compress more rural character and relevant scenery; impossible, perhaps, to do so with less sense of compression and more lightness, unity, and breadth. The language ranges from a never vulgar colloquialism to brief moments of heightened and intense simplicity. There are moments when the plain language and lack of violence make the unaffected verses look like prose, except that the sentences, if spoken aloud, are most felicitously true in rhythm to the emotion. Only at the end of the best pieces,

such as "The Death of the Hired Man," "Home Burial," "The Black Cottage," and "The Wood Pile," do we realise that they are masterpieces of deep and mysterious tenderness.

SOCIOLOGY

PRACTICAL TOWN PLANNING. By J. S. NETTLEFOLD. (Saint Catherine's Press.) 2s. net.

GARDEN CITIES AND CANALS. By J. S. NETTLEFOLD. (Saint Catherine's Press.) 1s. net.

THE GARDEN CITY. By C. B. PURDOM. (J. M. Dent and Sons.)

To be quite frank we have never been enamoured of the Garden City movement. We do not like that attitude of Garden City cultural superiority to common Suburbia. But we recognise that the movement is probably making a necessary step towards the break up of our congested areas and that, to sociologists of the future, it will provide plenty of examples as to what to avoid. Having stated our point of view, we allow that there is much to be gained from a perusal of the three books here mentioned. The first aims at giving a practical land and housing policy, and is comprehensive in its scope. The author also shows clearly that he recognises some of the weaknesses of the movement, for he states that he has written it "with a view to explaining how to set about the preparation of a town planning scheme, what should be done and what should be avoided." In his second book Mr. Nettlefold rather worries us. He reminds us of that aggravating trait of character cultivated so assiduously by English politicians and statesmen: their readiness to smother cries for obviously much-needed reforms by appointing Royal Commissions to wear out public patience and opinion. The contention here is that the inland waterways of the country should be re-opened and developed by the State for the benefit of the country in general and the Garden Cities in particular. Quite so. They should have been utilised by the country long ago, as pointed out by the Royal Commission on Canals and Waterways, but they were not, and, we may add, they will not be until the railway companies have bled us white. The third book is of quite a different character. It is a study in the development of the Garden City at Letchworth, and, really, the achievement of the founders has been remarkable. Their aim is clearly outlined and the significance of their work is pointed

out. It is an interesting book, the illustrations adding greatly to its value.

SOCIAL CHAOS AND THE WAY OUT. By ALFRED BAKER READ. (Hendersons.) 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

We only draw attention to this book because it is so thoroughly and typically bad. Probably at no other period has there been such a tremendous amount of time and attention devoted to the study of social evils, certainly there has never been so much speaking and writing about them as there is to-day, and, likewise, there have never been so many nostrums put forward. And here we have an example of everything that should not be. The book is ill-conceived, badly written, and banal to a degree. All the platitudes of the socialists and the social reformers are voiced—generally to be attacked—in the usual platitudinous manner. Newspaper cuttings from the Sunday Press and similar sources are quoted galore. Bad diagrams are given which serve no purpose but to befog and bemuse what should be simple statements of obvious fact. England is rotten to the core, on the down grade, mad, so it is stated. Then comes the way out. "The Way Out" is by means of a little blood letting. The country is over populated, so "some blood must be shed." Whose blood, then? Babes' blood—because the poor little devils can't cut back, we suppose. The author has weltered in stories of abortion and prevention of conception before suggesting infanticide. Everybody—who knows how—is doing it, so a change is demanded. "I plead for post-natal murder with its countless advantages, instead of pre-natal murder with its countless horrors." Which seems to us to lead nowhere. It is simply a matter of waiting a bit before achieving the same end. The author has evidently got one idea in his head and, as is customary in these days of scribbling itch, decided to write a book about it. Perpend: "The punishment for this 'illegal' murder of a new-born child is so severe that it *alone* (his italics) is the cause of the great unrest and misery throughout Britain and every country in Europe." Why are such books thrust on the market?

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